

HIT PAUL McCARTNEY ON THE BEATLES PARADER

35¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

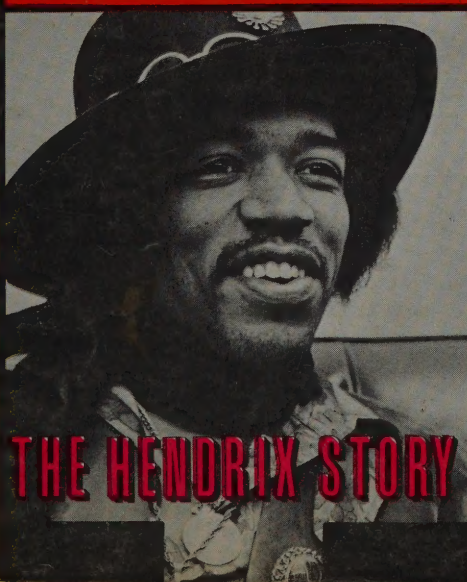
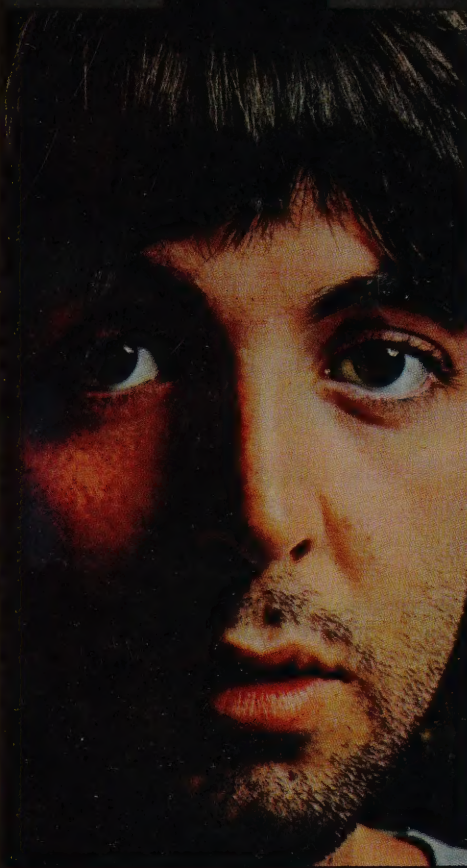
JUNE 1969

MOTHER EARTH-
A GIRL AND HER
ALL-GUY BAND

BREAKUP
NEWS
ON
TRAFFIC
AND
THE
HOLLIES

THE HISTORY
OF SPECIALTY
RECORDING
COMPANY

PROBLEMS
OF THE
ROLLING
STONES



THE HENDRIX STORY

INTERVIEWS
WITH
SLIM HARPO
CANNED HEAT

□□□□□

ARETHA FRANKLIN

RICHIE HAVENS

MARTHA REEVES

CURTIS MAYFIELD

JOHNNY TAYLOR

□□□□□

HAVE WE
MISJUDGED
THE MONKEES

AN APPRECIATION
OF
BUFFY ST. MARIE

EXCLUSIVE
* ALL THE
WORDS *
* TO HIT SONGS *

I'M LIVIN' IN SHAME

PROUD MARY

HONEY

CROSSROADS

TAKE CARE OF YOUR
HOMEWORK

PURPLE HAZE

TO SUSAN ON THE
WEST COAST WAITING

THIS OLE HEART OF MINE

LET IT BE ME

RIVER DEEP MT. HIGH

INDIAN GIVER

HEY BABY

I'M GONNA HOLD ON
LONG AS I CAN

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

GOODNIGHT MY LOVE

CONDITION RED

GOOD LOVIN' AIN'T EASY
TO COME BY

GIVE IT UP OR TURN
IT LOOSE

THINGS I'D LIKE TO SAY

THERE'LL COME A TIME

MY WORLD IS EMPTY
WITHOUT YOU

BABY, BABY DON'T CRY

EVERYDAY PEOPLE
TOUCH ME

PLUS:
PENTANGLE
MICKEY NEWBURY
MAGIC LANTERNS

PICTURES I HEAR

SHOPPING BAG

PLATTER CHATTER

THE SCENE

Now you can save almost 50%
on all the
hit records
you want

AND HERE ARE YOUR SAVINGS IN ADVANCE

12
records
for only \$3.98

if you join the Club now and agree to buy a record
a month during the coming ten months (you'll
have up to 300 records a month to choose from)

Savings are off regular Club prices

THE BEST OF THE BRASS
HERB ALPERT &
THE TULSA BRASS



6479. Includes Herb Alpert's vocal hit: This Guy's In Love With You, Cabaret, etc.

FRANK SINATRA'S
GREATEST HITS!



6898. Strangers In The Night, It Was A Very Good Year, That's Life, Summer Wind, 12 in all

The Andy Williams
Sound of Music

Deluxe
2-Record Set
Featuring 21
All-Time
Hit Songs

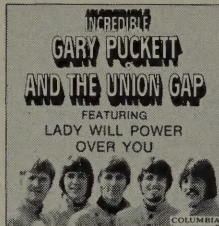


7168. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Try To Remember, People, Autumn Leaves, 21 in all

JOHNNY MATHIS
Those Were The Days



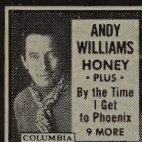
7045. Johnny sings the title hit; plus Light My Fire, Little Green Apples, etc.



7029. Also: Reverend Posey, The Common Cold, Now and Then, Can You Tell, Give In, 11 in all



7186. Includes: Keep An Eye, He's My Sunny Boy, Can't Shake It Loose, I'll Set You Free, etc.



6558. Plus: Love Is Blue; Windy; Up, Up And Away, etc.



6843. Includes: Man's Temptation, Harvey's Tune, etc.



6306. Includes: Old Friends, Mrs. Robinson, At The Zoo, etc.



6897. Also: People; The Good, The Bad And The Ugly; 11 in all



6963. Unpopular selections by members of Laugh-In's cast



7116. Amusical score as powerful and full of intrigue as the film



7052. Plus: Listen Here, Sham-Time, Spanish Bull, etc.



6550. Program taken from performances at Carnegie Hall



5805. Also: Man In A Raincoat, Good Day Sunshine, etc.



6823. Also: Five To One, Wintertime Love, 11 in all



6876. Includes: Ball And Chain, Summer-time, etc.



6706. Plus: Poor Cow, Young Girl Blues, Preachin' Love, etc.



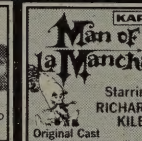
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



5485. Plus: This Town, Born Free, This Is My Song, etc.



5561. Plus: Eight Miles High, My Back Pages, 50, 11 in all



2639. One of the most outstanding musicals of all time



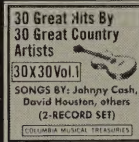
1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." -Life



1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, etc.



6733. Plus: Look To Your Soul, Whiter Shade Of Pale, etc.



6429. Also: Jimmy Dean, Marty Robbins, Ray Price, Johnny Horton, Carl Smith, Tammy Wynette, Roy Drusky, etc.



6656. Plus: Yesterday, Legend of Bonnie and Clyde, etc.



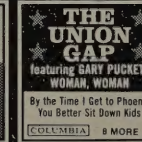
2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.



6409. The best of comedy in the best of taste.



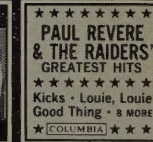
6120. Also: Don't Make Promises, To Love Someone, etc.



5933. Plus: Fuel To The Flame, The Little Things, etc.



6159. Plus: With One Exception, My Elusive Dreams, etc.



3857. Plus: Ups And Downs, Just Like Me Steppin' Out, etc.



6994. Also: Lily Of The Valley, She Thinks I Still Care, etc.



5584. Plus: Apache, The Lonely Bull, Wipe-Out, 12 in all



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more



3720. Also: My Baby, Get Ready, Don't Look Back, etc.



1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Baby's Loving Arms, etc.



7037. Also: Teach Me How To Fly, I Feel Sorry, 10 in all



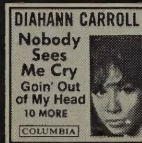
5933. Plus: Fuel To The Flame, The Little Things, etc.



7079. Plus: Choo Choo Train, I'm Movin' On, Sandman, etc.



1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.



3793. Also: Nobody But Me, Goodbye Young Dreams, etc.



6970. Includes: Toot Sweets, Fun Fair, You Two, Posh, etc.



4404. Plus: Old Brush Arrows, My Favorite Lies, Take Me, etc.



5737. Plus: Is It Any Wonder, It Ain't Me, Babe, etc.



6588. Also: Am I That Easy To Forget, Skip A Rope, 11 in all



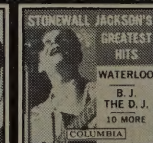
1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.



5897. Also: Let's Pretend, Day Tripper, 11 in all



5553. Plus: Maria, Moon River, Yesterday, Dominique, etc.



2224. Also: Leona, Why I'm Walkin', Don't Be Angry, etc.

O. C. SMITH
Hickory Holler Revisited
Little Green Apples
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
LOOK AROUND
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JEANNIE C. RILEY
HARPER VALLEY P.T.A. plus: Cotton Patch, Satan Place & OTHERS
PLANTATION
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

DEAN MARTIN'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 1
Everybody Loves Somebody
11 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BARBRA STREISAND
A Happening in Central Park
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

THE 5th DIMENSION
Stoned Soul Picnic
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

RAY CONNIFF and The Singers
HONEY
Plus: KISS ME GOODBYE
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

THE JIMI HENRIX EXPERIENCE
ELECTRIC LADYLAND
All Along the Watchtower
15 MORE
2-Record Set
REPRISE 10 MORE

CHER'S GOLDEN GREATS
All I Really Want to Do
+ Alfie
10 MORE
IMPERIAL 10 MORE

6638. Includes: Long Black Limousine, The House Next Door, etc.

6340. Also: Like A Lover, The Look Of Love, Rodea, etc.

6903. Also: Ballad Of Louise, Widow Jones, No Brass Band, etc.

7085. Also: Nobody's Baby Again, Houston, Bumping Around, etc.

6964. Cry Me A River, People, Second Hand Rose, many more.

6825. Includes: Sweet Blindness, Good News, 8 more.

6509. Plus: The Look Of Love, Love Is Blue, 11 in all.

7086-7087. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections)

7117. Also: You Better Sit Down Kids, Sunny, Hey Joe, etc.

BILL COSBY
200 M.P.H.
W
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JOHNNY CASH
AT FOLSOM PRISON
Jackson
15 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

GARY PUCKETT & THE UNION GAP
Featuring: YOUNG GIRL
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

PROCOL HARUM
Shine On Brightly
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JOHNNY RIVERS' GOLDEN HITS
+ Memphis
+ Secret Agent Man
IMPERIAL 10 MORE

Four Tops
Yesterday's Dreams
MOTOWN 10 MORE

JACK JONES' GREATEST HITS
Wives and Lovers
Lollipops and Roses
9 MORE
KAPPA 10 MORE

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Aretha Now
I Say a Little Prayer + Think
ATLANTIC 8 MORE

The ROLLING STONES' BIG HITS
19th Nervous Breakdown
Get Off of My Cloud
10 MORE
LONDON 10 MORE

7084. Bill tells it like it was, Dogs And Cats, The Wife, etc.

6415. Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, The Wall, etc.

6880. Includes: Honey, The Mighty Quinn, Lady Madonna, etc.

7056. Plus: Wish Me Well, Rambling On, Magdalene, etc.

3476. Also: Muddy Water, Mablelene, La Bamba, 12 in all.

6973. Plus: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Sunny, 9 more.

6603. Plus: The Race Is On, Dear Heart, Alfie, Lady, etc.

7051. Also: You Send Me, A Change, I Take What I Want, etc.

3094. Plus: Tell Me, Time Is On My Side, Play With Fire, etc.

PERCY FAITH
His Orch. and Chorus
ANGEL OF THE MORNING
Plus: Mrs. Robinson, MacArthur Park
COLUMBIA 8 MORE

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
LAST TIME AROUND
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JIM NABORS
Kiss Me Goodbye
Plus: HONEY + 9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES
SPECIAL OCCASION
Plus: Testar Love
TAMLA 9 MORE

CARL SMITH
COUNTRY ON MY MIND
California Sunshine
10 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

GERSHWIN Rhapsody
IN BLUE
Spellbound Concerto
Warsaw Concerto
3 MORE
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION

DAVID HOUSTON
Already It's Heaven
+ Plus
+ HAVE A LITTLE FAITH
9 MORE
RCA 10 MORE

WES MONTGOMERY
DOWN HERE ON THE GROUND
Plus: Wind Song + 8 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

6762. Plus: Do You Know The Way To San Jose, Honey, etc.

7036. Also: Four Days Gone, Special Care, I Am A Child, etc.

6587. Also: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Love Is Blue, etc.

6972. Also: I Heard It Through The Grapevine, etc.

6768. Plus: The Little Ole Wine Drinker, Why I'm Walkin', etc.

4302. Here is a bargain for classical music lovers — this special two-record set counts as one selection only.

6709. Plus: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, 11 in all.

6489. Plus: Up And At It, Georgia On My Mind, 10 in all.

THE GRADUATE
Songs Performed by Simon & Garfunkel
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

MARTY ROBBINS
BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX
+ Plus
+ Love Is In The Air
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

IRON BUTTERFLY
In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida
AT&CO 10 MORE

BERNSTEIN'S GREATEST HITS
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BEE GEES + IDEA
Plus: I've Gotta Get a Message to You
10 MORE
AT&CO 10 MORE

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Aretha: Lady Soul
Chain of Fools
9 MORE
ATLANTIC 10 MORE

Jeff Beck
Truth
Shapes of Things
9 MORE
RCA 10 MORE

BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS
Mr. Tambourine Man
Blowin' in the Wind
It Ain't Me, Babe
I Want You
6 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS
A NEW TIME — A NEW DAY
You Got The Power — To Turn Me On
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

6313. "Like the movie, a hit album" — Billboard Magazine

6592. Also: Until We Meet Again, You Made Me Love You, etc.

7035. Also: Are You Happy, Termination, My Mirage, etc.

5236. España, On The Trail, Waltz Of The Flowers, etc.

7034. Also: Down To Earth, Let There Be Love, Swan Song, etc.

6408. Plus: People Get Ready, Groovin' Ain't No Way, etc.

6926. Plus: Ol' Man River, Morning Dew, Let Me Love You, etc.

3658. Plus: Rainy Day Women, Like A Rolling Stone, etc.

6870. Also: I Wish It Would Rain, Rock Me Mama, etc.

THE DOORS
+ Light My Fire
+ Break On Through
9 MORE
ELEKTRA 10 MORE

ROBERT GOULET
WOMAN, WOMAN
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

LAURA NYRO
El and the Thirteenth Confession
Sweet Blindness
12 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

DONOVAN
The Hurdy Gurdy Man
Plus: Jennifer Juniper
EPIC 11 MORE

SONNY & CHER'S Greatest Hits
The Best Goes On
19 MORE
2-RECORD SET
AT&CO 10 MORE

TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION

CLAUDINE LONGET
LOVE IS BLUE
+ Plus
+ When I Look In Your Eyes
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JIM NABORS Sings THE LORD'S PRAYER
+ Plus
+ Battle Hymn of the Republic
10 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

SIMON & GARFUNKEL
PARLEY KANE, ROSEMARY & THYNE
Homeward Bound
The Dangling Conversation
10 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

5944. Plus: The End, Soul Kitchen, Back Door Man, etc.

6771. Also: Love Is Blue, Sunny, Honey, Unicorn, 10 in all.

6465. Laura also sings the hit Stoned Soul Picnic, others.

6989. Also: Tangier, The River Song, As I Recall It, 13 in all.

5977. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) What Now My Love; I Got You, Babe; Plastic Man; Just You, etc.

6420. Also: Happy Talk, Falling in Love Again, Holiday, etc.

7019. Also: Rock Of Ages, The Lord's Prayer, 11 in all.

3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.

John Davidson
A KIND OF HUSH
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

The 5th Dimension
UP, UP AND AWAY
Plus: Go Where You Wanna Go
9 MORE
SOL CITY 10 MORE

The Very Best of ROY ORBISON
Only The Lonely
+ Candy Man
+ Crying + 7 MORE
MONUMENT 10 MORE

JERRY VALE
THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
+ Plus
+ With Pen In Hand
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

OTIS REDDING
The Dock of the Bay
plus: The Glory of Love
9 MORE
VOLT 10 MORE

BOOTS RANDOLPH
The Sound of Boots
+ Gentle on My Mind
+ Crickety Jacks
10 MORE
MONUMENT 10 MORE

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BURL IVES
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Plus: Little Green Apples
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

BOOGIE WITH LANNED HEAT
ON THE LOAD AGAIN
9 MORE
ELEKTRA 10 MORE

6008. Plus: If I Were A Carpenter, Georgy Girl, etc.

5588. Also: Learn How To Fly, Poor Side Of Town, etc.

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all.

6734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love, 11 in all.

6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid, 11 in all.

6819. Also: Jackson, Flowers On The Wall, All The Time, etc.

6899. Includes: Hek!, Mandrake Root, Hush, Love Help Me, 5 more.

6750. Plus: Gentle On My Mind, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

6280. Plus: Evil Woman, An Owl Song, My Crime, 10 in all.

JOHNNY CASH'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 1
Ring of Fire + Jackson
I Walk the Line
8 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO
THE "HIM" CROWD
Plus: Tennessee Waltz
Come Sunday
4 MORE
CADET 10 MORE

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
Mais Que Nada
Dua Tripper
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JERRY VALE
THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
+ Plus
+ With Pen In Hand
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

OTIS REDDING
The Dock of the Bay
plus: The Glory of Love
9 MORE
VOLT 10 MORE

BOOTS RANDOLPH
The Sound of Boots
+ Gentle on My Mind
+ Crickety Jacks
10 MORE
MONUMENT 10 MORE

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BURL IVES
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Plus: Little Green Apples
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

BOOGIE WITH LANNED HEAT
ON THE LOAD AGAIN
9 MORE
ELEKTRA 10 MORE

5095. Plus: Orange Blossom Special, It Ain't Me, Babe, etc.

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Sparta, etc.

3578. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Dom Dom, etc.

6734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love, 11 in all.

6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid, 11 in all.

6819. Also: Jackson, Flowers On The Wall, All The Time, etc.

6899. Includes: Hek!, Mandrake Root, Hush, Love Help Me, 5 more.

6750. Plus: Gentle On My Mind, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

6280. Plus: Evil Woman, An Owl Song, My Crime, 10 in all.

JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS
Battle of New Orleans
Sink the Bismarck
North to Alaska
COLUMBIA plus 9 more

RAY PRICE'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
Make the World Go Away
Burning Bridges
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

THE HOLLIES' GREATEST HITS
Bus Stop
Here I Go Again
10 MORE
IMPERIAL 10 MORE

JERRY VALE'S Greatest Hits
Pretend You Don't See Her
Immemorata
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

OTIS REDDING
The Dock of the Bay
plus: The Glory of Love
9 MORE
VOLT 10 MORE

BOOTS RANDOLPH
The Sound of Boots
+ Gentle on My Mind
+ Crickety Jacks
10 MORE
MONUMENT 10 MORE

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BURL IVES
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Plus: Little Green Apples
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

BOOGIE WITH LANNED HEAT
ON THE LOAD AGAIN
9 MORE
ELEKTRA 10 MORE

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

5963. Plus: Pride A Thing Called Sadness, Night Life, etc.

5586. Plus: I Can't Let Go, Memphis, I'm Alive, etc.

6734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love, 11 in all.

6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid, 11 in all.

6819. Also: Jackson, Flowers On The Wall, All The Time, etc.

6899. Includes: Hek!, Mandrake Root, Hush, Love Help Me, 5 more.

6750. Plus: Gentle On My Mind, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

6280. Plus: Evil Woman, An Owl Song, My Crime, 10 in all.

JIMMY SMITH'S GREATEST HITS
The Sermon
Midnight Special
6 MORE
2-RECORD SET
BLUE NOTE 10 MORE

TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION

JERRY VALE'S Greatest Hits
Pretend You Don't See Her
Immemorata
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JERRY VALE
THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
+ Plus
+ With Pen In Hand
9 MORE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

OTIS REDDING
The Dock of the Bay
plus: The Glory of Love
9 MORE
VOLT 10 MORE

BOOTS RANDOLPH
The Sound of Boots
+ Gentle on My Mind
+ Crickety Jacks
10 MORE
MONUMENT 10 MORE

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BURL IVES
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Plus: Little Green Apples
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

BOOGIE WITH LANNED HEAT
ON THE LOAD AGAIN
9 MORE
ELEKTRA 10 MORE

6529. Also includes: Flamingo, When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Can Heat, Prayer Meatin', The Champ, etc.

5963. Plus: Pride A Thing Called Sadness, Night Life, etc.

5586. Plus: I Can't Let Go, Memphis, I'm Alive, etc.

6734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love, 11 in all.

6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid, 11 in all.

6819. Also: Jackson, Flowers On The Wall, All The Time, etc.

6899. Includes: Hek!, Mandrake Root, Hush, Love Help Me, 5 more.

6750. Plus: Gentle On My Mind, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, etc.

6280. Plus: Evil Woman, An Owl Song, My Crime, 10 in all.

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SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$3.98

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Teen Hits
☐ Country and Western

Name (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name
 Address
 City
 State Zip
 Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES ☐ NO
 APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

209-2/N4 3

hit Parade...

JUNE 1969

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I'M LIVIN' IN SHAME



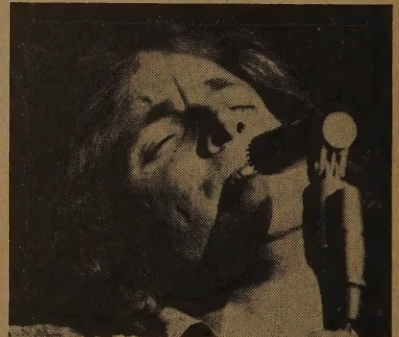
Diana Ross & The Supremes

• INDIAN GIVER



By 1910 Fruitgum Co.

• CROSSROADS

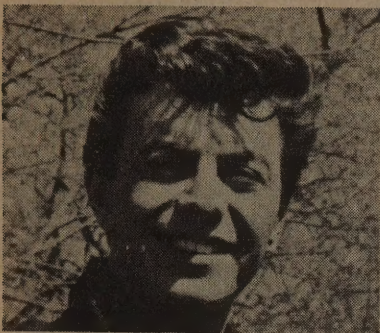


By The Cream

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

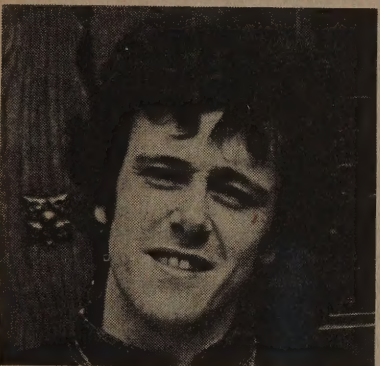
PARADE OF SONG HITS

•PURPLE HAZE



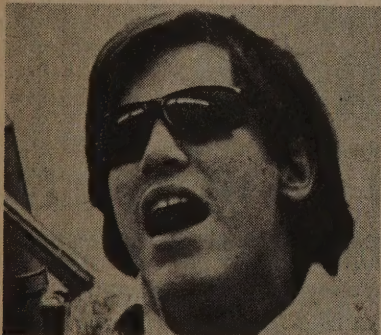
By Dion

•TO SUSAN



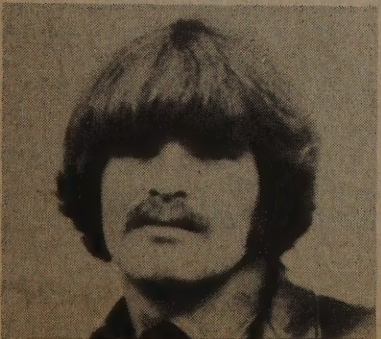
By Donovan

•HEY BABY



By Jose Feliciano

•PROUD MARY



By Creedence Clearwater

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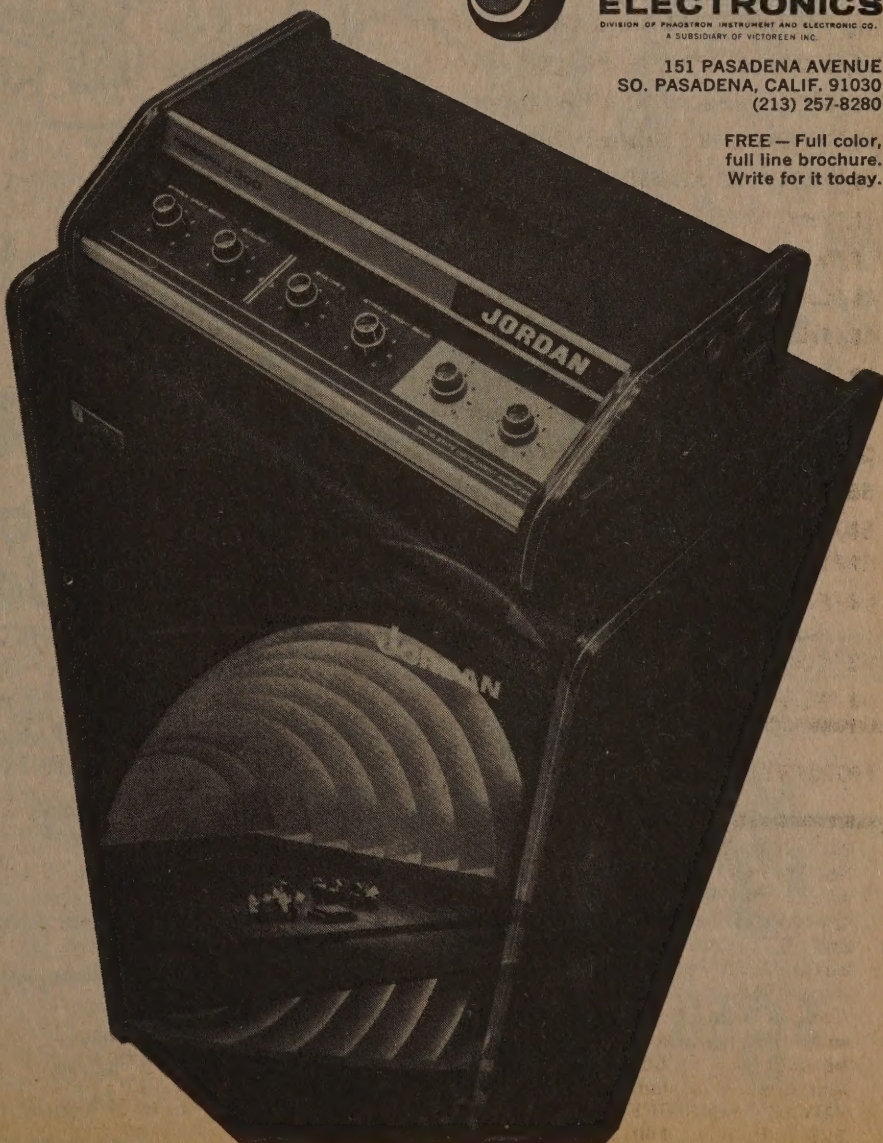


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the scene



WMFJ Radio is 33 years old and by every survey that was ever taken, the number one radio voice in a market of five other stations. WMFJ broadcasts at 1000 watts day and 250 night, covering all of Volusia County and the fringes of other surrounding counties. We are full time (24 hours of operation) and our format is strictly contemporary-rock and progressive (segmented). "MFJ was one of the first stations ever to make the questionable move to "Rock'n'Roll" as it were, back in 54-55. WMFJ is owned by the Jim Walters Corp. and is the oldest sister of three: WMFJ, WJNO-West Palm Beach, and WALT in Tampa, and is the only station of the three which programs rock.

WMFJ has always out-sold it's competitors in sound and advertising ability as proven by the last American Research Bureau Report which stated that WMFJ dominates 53% of the total Daytona Beach audience from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

I am my own music director so our sound is usually pretty well under control. . . Balance in our music system is one of the most important things....By "balance" I mean the equal rotation of fast and slow records; psychedelic and semi-pop; male and female; pop and soul. I agree my rotation system accordingly beginning the top of the hour with a fast, top 20 record (something that everybody is familiar with). This system seems to be the most effective yet and although it is not consciously noticeable to the listener, it pleases the average ear.

Our approach is adult and simple. We try to stay away from the tenny-bopper's music and stress the sound of "today" - everybody's radio. Our jocks are

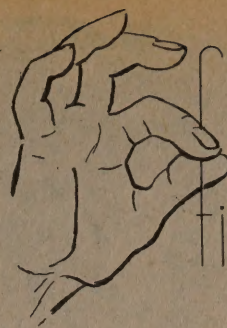
not wild but are witty. They aren't super fast but are tight and produce a smooth sound. Our obligation to the people is information (time, temp., beach conditions, etc.). Thus we take great pride in saying that WMFJ is a public service giant. The announcers participate in public fund-raising campaigns and go meet the people who "hear only voices" elsewhere. The "Good Guy" image is one that has always been lived up to by every guy on our air staff.

The WMFJ Good Guys are as follows: George Barber 6 a.m.-10 a.m., Doug Montgomery 10-2 p.m., Dave Randall 2 p.m.-6 p.m., and Corky Davis 6-12 a.m.

WMFJ must also live up to the "tales of the tourist" so we must always be on the ball and sound super boss during tourist seasons. You see, Daytona Beach has to be the smallest large market in the United States. During the big seasons thousands of people are here, listening as the perfect critic...and each and every one of them expects "Florida Radio" to be the hippest. They all listen for something unique and extraordinary from the stations back home. It may be a song that WXXX is not playing by the Creedence Clearwater Revival or it may be utopian atmosphere of the beach town which is identified by the sounds blasting from the tube. But whatever, the tourist listener will always tune-in for something that's unique in Daytona Beach.

WMFJ Radio now has an underground hour every night, seven days a week. This program is called "The Mindline" and lasts for 60 minutes. It is often sponsored by local teenage nightclubs and has been an extraordinary push to the popularity of WMFJ Radio. This is the hour when the high school kids can really get away from home work. This is the hour when the hip adults, the party goes really let go. This is an hour for the meditation of mind-blowin' music; one of a kind music; now music; psychedelic music. The "Mindline" has more dedicated listeners than any program of any kind aired on Daytona Beach radio. It's following is tremendous and surprisingly, it's listeners are between the ages of 18 and 30...which must only prove that the older are growing younger everyday. The "Mindline" is an absolute radio freak out. There is no set pattern to programming a show like this. The announcer is a "hip talker" who, sometimes, goes as far as expressing the different feelings of listening-individuals on God and creation.

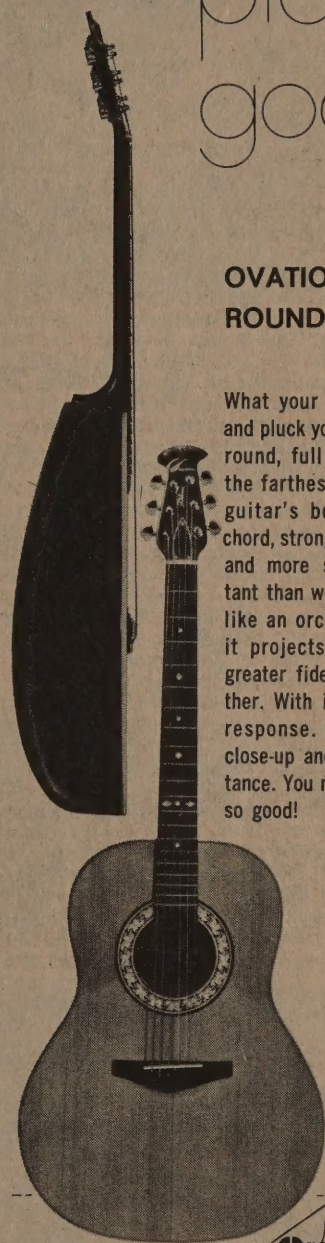
WMFJ is radio "for the people, to the people, and Number One by the people" - we leave no one out. Our listeners get what they expect and like it: the music of today will always be theirs at 1450. ☐ dave randall, program director.



finger
pickin'
good

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HP

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Dear Hit Parader:

I usually find myself on the other side of this argument — I know a lot of Van Dyke Parks freaks — but Brigitta's comments on Parks were so willfully ignorant that I have to say something. To begin, Parks not only wrote "Come To The Sunshine" (not "Come Into The Sunshine," Brigitta dear) but he also plays piano on the cut and (truth be known) helped out a bit with the production. It is the only thing you can listen to on the first Harper's Bizarre album. I seem to recall that HB's most exciting gig was backing Patti Page in Vegas. Something like that.

As for *Song Cycle*, well, right, each separate cut doesn't have a "thing," a little hook you can hang your brain on — and I'm not putting that down, either; it's an important aesthetic component of a lot of great rock — but they are still incredibly various on a more subtle level. Brigitta is smart enough to hear the good in the Cowsills, which indicates, I think, that she likes simple rock and roll and doesn't want to be bothered with subtleties on Parks' level. Good — I feel the same way. But I don't say: "The Brandenburg Concerti sound like the first eight bars of 'Hurdy Gurdy Man' played on the upper registers of an electric organ for six-and-a-half hours." I say: "Bach isn't my thing." Van Dyke Parks, Brigitta, isn't yours. Why don't you say so?

Best,
Bob Christgau, Esquire
Magazine

Dear Robert:

(I hope you will excuse my familiarity, but I hate getting too formal, don't you?)

Well, anyway, Robert, I know that you have been waiting a long time for an answer to your letter. I will get right down to it: I think that the basic problem is that you have misunderstood the nature of Pictures I Hear and what it is all about. I don't want to be put in the position of defending my writing against the attacks of a heavyweight critic from a magazine like *Esquire*, because the fact is, I am not a critic, never have been and (I hope) never pretended to be. To tell HP's readers what to like

or dislike is not my business; and besides that, I am not arrogant enough to think that a straight recitation of my likes and dislikes would be interesting to anybody, even contemplating doing it bores me. I am not trying to make anybody buy somebody's album or boycott somebody else's.

In fact, if I am trying to do anything, it is to help people look at music in new ways they may not have thought of before...to listen more fully to the music they have around them, and to try to think what it might mean and might be saying to them personally; and, though I want to make them happy, if they should become outraged, angry, galvanized, disturbed, or whatever, then at least, for God's sake, I've made them stop and think for a minute.

If you don't believe that when I heard Archie Bell and the Drells do "The Tighten Up" I immediately thought of Van Dyke Park's *Song Cycle*, then you are an unbeliever, Robert, you really are, because I never consciously lie to my audience...of whom, by the way, I notice you are one. What I really don't understand is why you bother to read Brigitta at all...if it gives you such an ulcer, why not just skip over it...Why get all upset contemplating the enormities of Brigitta's ignorance when you could be sitting in some nice dark Andy Warhol movie having a jolly time?

Why should I say Van Dyke Parks just isn't my thing; when the fact is that I like some elements of his music very much. Part of the reason I felt constrained to say something about him is that I hate to see anyone so young and talented petrified in the forest of his own egotism, which is what I think *Song Cycle* was, but there were some little bits of it that were remarkably beautiful to me — that one little part, especially, that begins "... That was a tape that we made/ but I'm sad to say it never made the grade..." I put the record on quite often just to hear that particular 40 seconds or so. The Harper's Bizarre commercial made me think of two things I would like to see Parks do: begin writing in shorter segments,

more crisply, more definitively; and get somebody who can sing well to do the vocal parts..... (like, say, Patti Page, a very good popular singer who, in my opinion, had a meaningful part in bringing the country-style vocal into the mainstream of pop music...ah, Bob, but it is so much easier to say things like 'Patti Page' and 'Vegas', isn't it....)

You can say what you want about hooks to hang your brains on, but my feeling is that a composer must master the art of writing arrestingly in shorter stretches before he can begin to tie together long, complex sustains.

I admit to a preference for short pieces and light pieces, but I am not totally unappreciative of musical complexity; outside of today's pop, my favorite composers are Chopin, Mozart and Domenico Scarlatti; not heavy music, by any means, but not "simple rock and roll" either.

Unfortunately, there are many critics like yourself who are deathly afraid of some unsophisticated, un-hip lay person with no "background" coming in and saying "This is what I hear, this is actually what I am hearing, and it sounds like this, and here it is..." with no innuendoes, double-entendres and other clever stuff. One of the things I really don't like about Van Dyke Parks is his lyrics; his verbal poetry manages to be both obscure and trite (which is a fairly hard thing to do). I think it would help his songs if he would just relax his lyrics a little bit and stop trying to be so cute.

love and peace,
"Brigitta"

Dear Editor:

This may sound strange to you but I'm one of the younger fans of early rock and roll and country and western music. I'm 17 years old. The reason I like these forms of music and many of the other simple forms of music is that I don't like music which is either too "mechanical" or too complex. Sometimes I get bored listening to modern rock and roll because of the reasons I've said before. Unfortunately, the Beatles popularized "art" rock and now many bands and

singers in pop music are now trying to imitate the Beatles' new music. This is gotta change because it's been going on for a few years. A lot of us are getting tired of message lyrics, over instrumentation, extremely high noise, and complex melodies or rhythms.

David Buster Fitzpatrick
Anaheim, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I am a musician with serious classical, pop and theoretical training. I am presently 15 years old and in my ninth year of study. Hit Parader, as has been said before, is by far the best magazine for us serious pop musicians as well as other interested readers. Your album predictions have always been surprisingly well-thoughtout and accurate as in the cases of "Wheels of Fire" by Cream, Traffic's "Mr. Fantasy" and others.

I would like to comment on the Simon and Garfunkel article several issues ago. In my estimation, Mr. Johnson does not regard Paul Simon as the truly great composer he is. "Bookends", I must admit, was somewhat disappointing, although "America" and "At The Zoo" were successful literary efforts of Simon's. I admired his comparison of Simon to J.D. Salinger (a truly great writer; especially in "Franny and Zooey" and "Catcher In The Rye") although I cannot comprehend him saying "Bookends" is a good album, and later in his article, that it is a disappointment. I expect soon, that S&G will surprise all of us with another recorded achievement such as "Parsley, Sage."

Please keep us informed, as you have in the past, with your super articles on Hendrix, Cream, Traffic, Simon and Garfunkel, Who and of course, Beatles.

Also, don't forget about Jimmy Webb, the most delightful composer, and really the best musical genius who ranks high with John Phillips and Lennon-McCartney. Thank you for printing this letter, and I would appreciate any response from your readers.

Jan Stevens
59 Harrington Ave.
Closter, N.J.



*Current
Problems
Of
**THE
ROLLING
STONES***



The intriguing possibility of catching Jagger while involved in a passionate love scene with Anita Von Pallenberg, or his nude bath scene sent me scurrying down to the film set off Lowndes Square recently to catch the Rolling Stone in action.

The house itself was full of filming equipment. Electric cables trailed everywhere and upright arc lamps stood like blind sentinels in each corner of the room. A cast of thousands sprawled on the settee upstairs — I spoke to him.

"Mick still on set?" I inquired.

"Mick who?" he asked, and then pointed in the general direction of the cellars. I stumbled on under the stuffed stags head on the walls and down the steps to the basement, where I fell over a little man in a grubby white overall fixing a cable.

"I've an appointment to see Mick Jagger," I explained.

"He's bleedin' gorn home," sniffed the little man, vexedly.

"Will he be back on set later?" I inquired.

Scrambling about on the floor, I finally found a phone and rang the Stones' personal sec-

retary Jo Bergmann.

"I'm on set but he's gorn!" I said.

"That's cos he's sitting right next to me," she replied. "Sorry about that — perhaps you'd like to talk to him."

"We're doing an expectant father a week in NME and I'd like you to be the first in the series!" I addressed Mick.

"Vacate yourself from the immediate vicinity," said Mick (or something to that effect). "It serves yer right — come up to the office."

One taxi later I arrived at the office to find Mick doing much business on the phone, secretary Maggie on the phone about Keith's Egyptian Frieze (yes he does want to keep it, folks), TV director Michael Lyndsay Hogg, with cigar, doing an impression of Bertram Mills, and old Uncle Tom Keylock and all (the all-weather road-manager) nursing five-week-old baby Keylock.

While Mick did his business I did a little inquiring as to the health and well being of the other Stones. It appears that me old mate Brian, now happily back in the social circulation, took a great fancy to the ten-

foot-high cut-out of Tiny Tim at the Playboy club reception.

So taken with it was Brian that he took it with him when he left and on to a party at photographer David Bailey's next evening, where it was apparently a great success.

What Brian was doing with it at four in the morning in the middle of Parliament Fields is slightly obscure, but I feel it does illustrate that he is once more enjoying life and that can only be a very good thing.

"Charlie was in the office all day yesterday," volunteered Maggie. "He's a lovely fella to have around, always happy and amusing."

"I've always wanted to buy something for Charlie," said Tom. "He's so difficult though. I mean things like LPs and such don't mean anything, and then I saw this handsome horse carved out of one solid piece of wood. I gave it to him yesterday. I've never seen anyone so knocked out."

Mick, I ascertained, had not had much time for anything with his early calls on the film set these last weeks, but was experimenting





with a "moog-synthesiser" and had seen the Mothers of Invention's recent concert. Mick flitted briefly into the outer office where we were assembled.

"I've been three months shut up inside houses. I've got to get some fresh air," he said, adding, "It's the make-up that gets me down," before disappearing into the ladies room. I should hastily add at this point that the Gent's was not working.

I was able to ascertain during his absence that a new plaque has appeared on the Stones' office wall bearing these words: "Go placidly amidst the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence." It is apparently from a script found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore — 1962.

At Mick's reappearance I inquired whether we might sit down for fifteen minutes to do our famous idiot-reporter-interviews-famous-pop-star routine.

"Begin now," commanded Mick settling in an easy chair, running a finger thoughtfully along the line of his cheek bone and fixing me with his most co-operative smile. It was obviously going to be difficult.

"The hold up of the album, 'Beggars Banquet'.....

"I've lost interest in that situation. It's been a complete waste of energy.

"We agreed to them using a different sleeve in the end. They changed their minds all the time."

"Would Mick be using his 'moog-synthesiser'?"

"Maybe — I haven't had time to do much with it yet. It's really a machine for making electrical musical sounds — I saw someone in L. A. using it and decided to buy one."

Was he satisfied with his own performance in "Performance?"

"Yes."

Had he seen any of the rushes yet?

"No."

Is Jimmy Miller still to be their record producer on the next single?

"Yes."

Did you enjoy the Mothers of Invention concert?

"Yes."

Fortunately Tom broke up the "yes-no" interlude at this point by bringing in his little offspring for exhibition.

"Is that yours?" asked Mick smiling paternally.

"Yes," said Tom.

"How amazing," said Mick. They swapped a few words while I tried to think up some questions which he could not reply to by answering yes or no. The subject of what role Anita Pallenberg played in the science fiction film "Barbarella" was brought up and someone suggested "David Hemmings," but was not taken seriously.

Did Mick feel that with all the stark nudity, and emphasis on bringing home the true horror of war and violence in films, we might eventually get a reaction which would take us back to films like those Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding used to make?

"Who were Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding?No, I don't think so. People always wanted to see Christians eaten by lions — people always go to films like 'Barbarella' — they love being disgusted. Some people even watch those Palladium TV shows.

"I was brought up with a bellyfull of the telly and now I don't watch it at all. I hardly ever go to the pictures because I can't stand sitting in all that cigarette smoke or queuing to watch a lot of flickering images."

Does his own film make any moral statements?

"Oh yes — moral statement a line Keith!"

What was Mick's reaction to the discovery that their gold discs awarded for over one million sales by Decca when played revealed they were albums by country and western star, Ferlin Husky, Buddy Holly and the Tales of Hypotenuse Turtle.

"Mere tinsel Keith — plastic awards. They're a load of old silly billies up here in the office!"

Any reaction at all to his first crack at acting?

"What really bugs me is the make-up," said Mick. "That's what really bugs me."

Further repartee was prevented by the telex machine which appeared to be having the equivalent of a nervous breakdown and was relaying all Andrew Oldham's messages (their ex-manager) to their office and informing us that Chris Jagger's money is available at Katmandu Bank.

Mick staggered brokenly back to the inner office on reading this and phoned Keith Richard.

"Hello Keith — yes, I'm all right. I'm having a lovely time — having a maniac afternoon at the office. Yes — I've spoken to them, they don't know what they're doing either — It's all getting a bit beyond me...." □ Keith altham



THE SPECIALTY STORY

Rock & Roll, more than any other music in history, is a phenomenon of the phonograph record. While live performances may still represent the pinnacle of rock experience, it is records that have made the music what it is. The rock revolution of the 1950's was created by records, as millions of young white people, most of them totally isolated from the real-life environment in which black music flourishes, became swept up by its magic on records.

Outside of our largest cities, relatively few white people have ever seen Little Richard perform live. Yet, in the 1950's, he was second to none in his impact on rock fans. His records of "Tutti Frutti," "Long Tall Sally," "Good Golly Miss Molly" and many more remain ubiquitous to this day. The black, white and yellow Specialty label on which they appeared is one of the prime symbols of all that is good in rock. Specialty Records is interesting not only as the label that produced hit records by Richard Larry Williams, Lloyd Price and many other greats, but as a fine example of the multitude of independent labels that started rock rolling in the 1950's.

Though relatively inactive for some years now, Specialty has never actually gone out of business. They have always kept the Little Richard hits available, having recently put out a new package called **Little Richard's 17 Grooviest Original Hits**. Now the company is getting back into the business in a big way, with releases by several fine new R&B artists plus a big series of blues and rock reissue LP's on the way. It seemed a good time to look up Specialty's genial chief executive, Art Rupe, and get the true story of Specialty Records, from the beginning.

Art Rupe wears no part of the usual "man with the big cigar" image of the record entrepreneur. A highly modest, conscientious man, he does not publicize his achievements, or the fact that, essentially, Specialty Records is Art Rupe. Certainly he is a typical figure in the music business. Yet the way in which he built Specialty from scratch (with an initial investment of about \$600) into a million-dollar operation is quite representative of the rocking spirit of the 1950's.

Originally from McKeesport, Pa., Rupe came west to attend UCLA. While there, he got interested in the entertainment industry. About the time of his graduation in 1944, he answered a newspaper ad which sought financial partners for the

newly formed Atlas Record Co. Atlas was recording two young performers soon to become world-famous: Frankie Laine and Nat "King" Cole, but the wartime years were not auspicious for the formation of a new label. The company had continuing financial problems, wiping out Rupe's investment but not his interest in the record business. Scraping together \$600, he decided to "enter the game" on his own. His first act was to scout the record shops of Los Angeles to find out what types of records were most in demand. He found that while the major labels like RCA Victor and Columbia were satisfying the need for classical and standard popular records, there was a great shortage of records by and for Negroes, or "race" records as they were called at the time.

Taking his \$200 of his \$600 savings, he went to the L. A. ghetto and bought up as many "race records" as he could find, making notes on which ones were big sellers and which were not. "For about 14 or 15 days, I listened to these 78's until they became grey," Rupe says. "I made, in my way, an analysis of what went into a record, technically, musically, etcetera, and I established a set of rules or principles which I felt would enable me to make commercial records. Some of this music moved me so much it brought tears to my eyes. I decided this was what I wanted to do, it really turned me on and I've been with it ever since.

"The next thing, then, was to find some talent. There were clubs around town called "after hour clubs, which were more or less private clubs, in the Negro section. I frequented these clubs and found a lot of talent that had never recorded. Because of my limited budget I could only record a small combo. They made a lot of sound. I talked them into recording for scale. In making my analysis of those records, I found that surefire sales would result from having "boogie" in the title. So we recorded "Boogie No. 1."

Rupe had observed that juke box operators were among the major customers for race records, and that these operators doubled as record wholesalers for the smaller labels. So he called his new label "Juke Box." The first Juke Box record, by the Sepia-Tones, sold about 70,000 copies, more than enough to get Juke Box Records well off the ground. Rupe recalls that his biggest problem was getting the records pressed; shellac was se-

verely rationed, and the pressing firms were busy with war business. But he made enough money from "Boogie No. 1" to begin recording one of L. A.'s outstanding Negro musicians, Roy Milton, with a six-piece band. Roy Milton's urban blues proved to be a fast and phenomenal success; Rupe was quick to get several different Milton records on the market, and at one time Milton held the top three positions on **Billboard's** race record chart (then called the "Harlem Hit Parade"). Eli Oberstein, who as head A&R man for Victor was quite possibly the most powerful man in the record business of the 1930's, was attracted by the new label's success, and talked Rupe into a partnership deal. But Rupe soon discovered he preferred being his own boss and working independently, so the deal was dissolved. Oberstein kept the Juke Box trademark, but Rupe kept the masters, which soon appeared under a new name, "Specialty." He chose the name, he says, to highlight the fact that, unlike the major labels, his company specialized in a particular kind of music, that being of course black blues and gospel music. By 1940 Specialty was firmly established as one of the handful of aggressive independent labels (others were Exclusive, Modern, Aladdin, Four Star, etc.) which were successfully cracking the majors' near-monopoly on the record business. Though rock & roll did not yet exist as such, the success of these labels, with their willingness to take a chance on unconventional sounds, was a most essential part of rock & roll history.

Specialty's reputation consistent for hit records, coupled with Rupe's personal reputation as a sympathetic and sagacious A&R man and an honest businessman, soon had the best Negro artists on the Coast streaming in for auditions. Joe Liggins, whose "Honeydripper" on Exclusive had been one of the first nationally successful small-label records back in 1945, came over to Specialty and made the equally popular "Pink Champagne," which according to **Billboard** was the best-selling R&B record of 1950. (By this time they had stopped calling them "race records"). Another who "just walked in the door" was Percy Mayfield, who considered himself mainly a songwriter. But he sang "Please Send Me Someone To Love" so appealingly on the demo session that Rupe persuaded him to record the song

himself. This eloquent protest song, so beautifully understated, was another runaway bestseller, during the Korean War year of 1950. "Percy is a poet," Rupe says, "and I think if he could have been encouraged more, he would have been as great as Langston Hughes. This was a very socially significant song, which you could appreciate on many levels. The words were quite prophetic. He was alluding to the fact that there would be riots and burning' if the world don't put an end to this damnable sin (meaning prejudice) hate will put the world in a flame.' I get cold chills about this song. Even those who didn't understand it got the message unconsciously. I had Maxwell Davis write the arrangement." (B. B. King recently hit the charts with a revival of "Please Send Me Someone To Love".)

Rupe describes his next great discovery thusly: "I had never been to New Orleans, but I heard that that's where it was at. When I heard the first Fats Domino record I really flipped. So I went to New Orleans. One disc jockey called Okie Dokie interviewed me and I told him what I was doing, and I was just deluged with people who wanted to audition. So I auditioned for a week or so. I remember on the last day, I had my plane reservations to go back home, a young fellow showed up just as I was getting ready to leave. Worrying about my plane, I listened to him rehearse, and I finally told him it was time for me to go. I thought he was going to cry when I said that. I said I just had time to listen to one song. This sounds like a fairy tale, but it's true. He sang "Lawdy Miss Clawdy." He was so uptight about my leaving that he literally began to cry as he sang.

His name was Lloyd Price, and he was about 17 years old. With all that tremendous pleading, he was just wonderful. I decided to stay there and record him, he was the only one that I liked. There was a guy around there called Dave Bartholomew, he got together a band. We recorded "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" there in New Orleans. Playing the piano on that date was Fats Domino, and Earl Palmer on drums and Lee Allen on sax. That record was one of the early records to bridge the gap between the Negro and white markets." (Another significant step in the impending rock revolution).

Specialty was also getting into another great field of black music —

gospel. "Actually," says Rupe, "I dug gospel more than rhythm & blues." Specialty's biggest-selling gospel group, the Pilgrim Travelers, recorded almost a hundred sides including many different kinds of gospel songs. But Specialty's "Number 2" group, the Soul Stirrers, were even more exciting. Shortly after they began recording for Specialty, their lead singer dropped out, and they hired "a young kid from Chicago, named Sam Cooke." For six years Sam recorded with the Soul Stirrers, and these records remain unmatched for their incredible beauty of vocal tone and interpretation. Another member of the Soul Stirrers was Johnny Taylor, of "Who's Making Love" fame. And yet another famous soul singer of today was singing real music for Specialty in the 1950's: Lou Rawls, with the Chosen Gospel Singers. With such other great groups as the Original Gospel Harmonettes and the Swan Silvertones, and solo singers like Prof. Alex Bradford, Sister Wynona Carr and Brother Joe May, Specialty was the most successful and significant gospel label of the 1950's.

Up to 1955, Art Rupe served as sole A&R man for every record released on Specialty. In February of that year, as the company continued to expand, he had to hire another producer, and he chose a young black musician named Bumps Blackwell. It was Blackwell who had the idea of turning Sam Cooke toward pop music. The rest of the Soul Stirrers objected violently to the idea, and Rupe stood by them; but Sam was very desirous of gaining a wider audience. A compromise was reached; Sam would record under the pseudonym of Dale Cook. The first record released under this name was only a modest success, but it convinced Sam that pop music was his destiny. "You Send Me" was recorded for Specialty, but further negotiations resulted in Sam's leaving Specialty for another label, and taking "You Send Me" with him.

One of Bumps Blackwell's jobs was to listen to the hundreds of audition tapes that kept arriving at the Specialty office. And it was in this way that the company first heard of a young man who was to be Specialty's biggest artist of all time: Little Richard. Richard's tape was lost in the shuffle at first, but he was persistent. "Every fourth or fifth day," Rupe recalls, "we'd get a phone call. One time from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, other

times from Atlanta, another time from Albany, then Jacksonville... he was traveling with a group called The Upsetters, and whenever he'd get the impulse he'd call and ask me what I thought of his tape. Finally one day we dug it out and listened to it. It was poorly recorded on a home recorder, but I could detect one little thing in it that sounded churchy very fervent, with that "oo-oo" that was later to become his trademark. I told Richard that I was interested. I found out, though, that he was still under contract to Peacock records. We loaned Richard \$600 to pay off Peacock, and then signed Richard up. We were talking about what to do for a band. When he said he liked Fats Domino's sound, I thought maybe lightning would strike twice, if we recorded Richard in New Orleans like we did Lloyd Price. So we made plans to meet him in New Orleans. I intended to go there too, but I couldn't because something came up at the last moment. I sent Bumps instead, with a detailed list of recording instructions for him to follow. I was so convinced that Richard would sell, that we planned to do eight sides instead of the usual four... I had no idea he would be as successful as he was, but I knew he was an unusual artist. So Bumps recorded eight sides, and then did a ninth side as a sort of audition when Richard was fooling around with a song called "Tutti Frutti." We hadn't intended this song as a release because it had a lot of risque, off-color words for those days, and Bumps knew it wouldn't get played on the radio. A girl called Dorothy LaBostrie kept hanging around the studio to sell songs, and she revised the words, so we gave her a share of the credit. So they recorded it to see if I'd accept it, and after listening to all nine sides I said, "Bumps, 'Tutti Frutti' is the side we should put out first." Because it was novel, up-tempo and different.

"I didn't think any of the other eight sides were good enough to be a follow-up for 'Tutti Frutti,'" so I sent Bumps down there again, to New Orleans. One of the things they decided to do was a thing called "The Thing." They brought it back and I rejected it because the band wasn't getting the feeling of "Tutti Frutti" so we did it out here in Los Angeles with a pickup band. Lee Allen played sax, same as on "Tutti Frutti." And we put out "The Thing," only it had a new name—"Long Tall Sally." That was

the biggest selling record we ever had.

"Of all the acts, all the performers I've ever met, and I've known quite a few, I think Richard has the most basic inborn talent of any of them. He's got it naturally, more so than anyone else. Performing is his life. He's living only when he's performing, everything else is just a rest period. He sings and plays strictly from his heart and soul. He's got an uncanny sense of timing, and perfect pitch. I just can't say enough about his natural, raw ability. If he would have accepted just a little bit of discipline and professional guidance, no one could ever have touched Richard."

Little Richard's Specialty career was glorious but brief. All of his big hits were recorded within a period of less than a year. "He began to get interested in the Seventh-Day Adventists. Joe Lutcher, one of our early Specialty artists, had become a minister. He felt his mission was to convert pop singers to the church, with this old superstition that it's evil to sing pop. He got to Little Richard, and I guess Richard began to believe the idea, and he decided to break away from pop singing. Many of the sides of Little Richard that were issued, that were Number 1 records, were not intended to be issued originally. "Keep A-Knockin'" was pieced together from an audition tape that Richard sent us from Washington, D. C. where he was touring. We have to give a lot of credit to the engineer, Bunny Robyn. He did many of Fats Domino's and Richard's later hits, all of Larry Williams, Ricky Nelson, etc. He was the originator of a lot of modern techniques.

"Little Richard kept on touring for a while after that, but refusing to record. It was when the Sputnik went up, in 1957, that he really decided to give up touring as well as recording. That's when he threw his jewelry off the boat, in Australia. He thought that Sputnik was a sign from heaven, that this was it. Then he went and enrolled in a college in Alabama and started study for the ministry.

"After a while he decided he wanted to get back on the scene again. He started touring again, but only outside the country. Once he called me from Hamburg, Germany, and wanted to tell me about a group that was on his bill. Four guys who were singing, and he said they can imitate anybody. That was the Beatles, and he wanted to know if I would be interested. And I

said, "Richard, I'm not interested in anyone but you. I want you to come back and sing like you did before." Well, he wouldn't come back and do pop for me. He went to Gone records, then Mercury, and they put out gospel albums that were not too successful. He was then signed by Atlantic, but they couldn't get him to record rock. I went to Atlantic and bought Richard's contract back for \$1000, and he came back and did a few sides for us—one of which was "Bama Lama Bama Loo." I really was hoping we could do something better than that, but Richard was still hesitant about doing rock records. That was the last single we put out on Specialty."

Between the time Richard stopped recording, and the time over a year later when "Good Golly Miss Molly" appeared as the last of his supreme smashes, Specialty had discovered some more important artists. Larry Williams had been Lloyd Price's valet, and in the process had learned to imitate Price's style and to perform his songs. So when Price signed with another label, it was decided to record Williams doing a "cover" of his first hit for the rival label, "Just Because." William's cover disc sold respectably enough so that Specialty decided to record him doing his own material. The results were two records that stand alongside Richard's in the super-hit class: "Short Fat Fannie" and "Bony Moronie." Later, Williams recorded three songs that inspired that long-haired group Little Richard had heard in Hamburg—"Slow Down," "Bad Boy" and "Dizzy Miss Lizzie." The Beatles were Larry Williams fans too.

Another great Specialty act was Don & Dewey. These longtime L.A. favorites made the original recordings of "Leavin' It All Up To You," "Koko Joe" and "Justine on Specialty, and were the major inspiration for the famous Righteous Brothers.

But after Specialty lost what were probably its two greatest artists—Little Richard and Sam Cooke—the record business lost some of its appeal for Art Rupe. He began spending more and more time with his other interests, investing the money he had made from records in real estate and oil. He hired a series of young A&R men—including Sonny Bono, Harold Battiste and H. B. Barnum. Specialty began issuing teen-oriented rock & roll along with the traditional R&B and gospel. When these releases failed to meet



with much success, Rupe, disillusioned with the payola-riddled state of the music business, let his staff go and the label became inactive. As we said, it never quite shut down; an office was maintained in the

gleaming new building Rupe had built near Sunset Strip, and the best-selling Specialty sides were kept in print to fill the orders that have never stopped coming in.

Now Specialty is active again. And

Art Rupe, in spite of his success in other areas, is back in the music business again, recording R&B because he loves it. The new sounds of several fine artists will be on the market soon, as well as reissues of

some long-unavailable sides of great country and urban blues. Rupe figures that 200,000,000 Specialty records were sold over the years, counting worldwide sales. May he sell 200,000,000 more. □ hansen



TRAFFIC

Breakup

Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, the remnants of Traffic, plus one, plan to emerge as a major musical force. Now that the everlasting Traffic jam has vanished, Chris, Dave, and Jim head for pastures new. And they take with them in their own direction Mick Weaver — known to many as Wynder K. Frog.

Plans and innermost thoughts were revealed to me recently when I went to Jim's West London penthouse flat. Therein I found Jim, Dave and an

unknown guitarist drinking tea and relaxing.

"Steve split," Jim said, anticipating my first question. "He wanted to do his own thing, so he just went. He didn't tell us he was going."

Jim added that he had received a phone call from the group's manager, Chris Blackwell, the day before the split.

"He said he has something to tell me and I thought it was about the overdraft at the bank. When he told me

Steve was leaving, it didn't sink in. I didn't realize what it meant at the time.

"It would have happened, though — I could see it coming. Steve is going through one of the phases we've all been through.

"He wants to do something of his own, but I don't think he knows himself what he wants to do. He's been listening to a lot of people."

Which is all very well, but also very sad because it means the end

of one of the world's best groups. The only hope now is that the new outfit will be able to carry on the good work.

"Chris Blackwell phoned me in Los Angeles and told me about it," Dave commented. "He wanted me to come

back, so I flew home.

"I was asked to leave the first time, so I just left. It was Steve's idea, he thought the group could continue better as a trio. I wasn't annoyed, it just brought me down. Any bitterness that I may have felt has gone now."



What does Jim think will be the outcome of Steve's quitting?

"He's been playing since he was fifteen and he's done a lot, he'll give something to whoever he plays with and he'll get something new from them. Now we're all freer, we'll be able to find out directions.

"There was a platform for Traffic and we had to play what people expected. Sometimes, we found the platform was going faster than us."

Dave again: "There should be more freedom for people to play with each other, the restrictions shouldn't matter. When I played with Jimi Hendrix in New York, we wanted to do some more things together, but it didn't happen.

"I played in the studio and I think the only thing that I was on that got used was 'All Along The Watch Tower.' It's valid to play with other people because it helps you to find your scene."

Jim, who seems to find humor in almost every situation, was nostalgic about the end of Traffic which meant leaving the group's lonely Berkshire cottage.

"We just had to roll up our beds and come home," he told me, adding in mock Biblical tone "And they picked up their beds and walked upon the land...."

We all laughed, though I didn't believe that any of us thought it was a very funny event.

Dave talked about the new group which hasn't been named yet and which Jim refuses to call Ressurrection.

"We want to play some other people's numbers, B. B. King and things, not stick to things we've written ourselves. We want to go out on stage and have a happy time.

People come to be happy, and if we're happy, we'll communicate with them.

"Some people play a bad gig and blame the audience — it's not the audiences fault, you have to reach the audience and make them enjoy the music. When you've got their attention, you have to keep it and then all have a good time."

Jimmy Miller, Traffic's tall American record producer and friend, entered from his tiny flat across the tiny hallway. He was, as usual, swaying and clicking his fingers to the beat of a record somewhere in the background.

He seemed quite happy and wished me a premature "Merry Christmas." It seems likely that with his help and the added talent of organist Mick Weaver, Chris, Dave and Jim will be okay musically.

Dave and Jim are writing and will do most of the singing. Chris has written some things, but, as Jim says, he won't tell you about it, you have to find out, then use it. □ Richard green



ARETHA FRANKLIN'S

Gospel Background

H: How old were you when you started singing?

Aretha: I started singing when I was twelve years old.

HP: Were you born and raised in Detroit?

Aretha: No. I was born in Memphis, Tennessee and raised between Buffalo and Detroit. I spent about five or six years in Buffalo and the remainder in Detroit.

HP: There's an awful lot of churches in Memphis, aren't there?

Aretha: I don't know because I didn't stay in Memphis, I was just born there. We moved to Buffalo when I was about two or three.

HP: The gospel music you sang in church, was it a large choir or a small singing group?

Aretha: It was a choir of about fifty or sixty voices. I sang lead some-

times. My father was the pastor.

HP: Is there a difference between Northern Baptist and Southern Baptist?

Aretha: No, they're both the same.

HP: I guess you sang in churches in Detroit too?

Aretha: Yes, quite a bit. My father pastors the Bethel Baptist Church. We have approximately 3,000 members.

HP: In your case, would the choir just sing or would the audience participate?

Aretha: No, just the choir.

HP: Does your father sing?

Aretha: Yes he can. He records for Chess Records. He has about 52 volumes of sermons and in the course of them you would hear him singing from time to time.



HP: Would you say there is a difference between the Northern gospel music and the Southern gospel music?

Aretha: No, I wouldn't. I've been back to the church he was pastoring when we left there and it sounded pretty much the same to me.

HP: What religion would you say has the smaller vocal groups?

Aretha: Some of the Holiness congregations have smaller groups.

HP: Within gospel music, what makes the smaller groups seem much harder and the choral groups much more sophisticated?

Aretha: I think with just a few people, you can get a lot more going but with a choir it has to be contained.

HP: Was your gospel singing all acappella or did you have a little band?

Aretha: I had just the piano and

the choir or just myself and the piano or piano and organ combined.

HP: Smaller groups bring in drums.

Aretha: That's Holiness. Some people playing gospel would use drums but only in a recording session to fill the sound in. Outside of that, only Holiness people use drums in churches.

HP: Did people disapprove when you left religious music and started singing more earthy, sexy music?

Aretha: I think some of them did.

HP: How about your father?

Aretha: No, he was in agreement. I felt that was what I wanted to do and he felt I should do it.

HP: Could you describe the musical change you went through from Columbia to Atlantic? You were much softer on Columbia.

Aretha: Well, we applied a different style at Columbia. A little more pop and jazz. When I came to Atlantic,

I started doing what I first did at Columbia. The first couple of tunes on Columbia were R&B. When I left Columbia, I was more in the pop vein.

HP: How did you get with Atlantic?

Aretha: Through my husband, Ted White, and Jerry Wexler.

HP: Did you just fall into your style or were there producers telling you what to do?

Aretha: No, as I said before that was something I started doing on Columbia. My first two records were very much like what I'm doing on Atlantic now.

HP: You recorded your first things for Atlantic in Alabama.

Aretha: Yes. My first record, that's all.

HP: Why did you switch back up to New York?

Aretha: For one thing it's closer to home. It made it a bit more convenient.

HP: It didn't have anything to do with the musicians?

Aretha: No, because the Alabama musicians would come up here.

HP: Is King Curtis responsible for a lot of the orchestrations?

Aretha: Yes, some of it. It's split between King Curtis and his group and the fellows from Alabama and Memphis.

HP: Why do you think white gospel and Negro gospel sound so different? White gospel is almost a barbershop harmony.

Aretha: They are both southern in origin but the sound is different. I couldn't explain that.

HP: How would you describe a funky chord?

Aretha: I don't think I could describe one. I probably could play one for you. I'm not that good with musical terms. I don't read music and I don't know the correct notes.

to a degree but the basis of it, I would say, is the same.

HP: Would you put a growl in your voice if you were singing in church? Do you have to tone down?

Aretha: A lot of that would depend on the feeling and the way I felt.

HP: The things on Atlantic are very sexy. You couldn't sing like that in church, could you?

Aretha: I just sing. I don't know how I got around to being sexy but I just sing.

HP: What kind of music did you listen to as a child?

Aretha: I would say all kinds of music — radio, records.

HP: Who were some of your favorites as a child?

Aretha: I liked Clara Ward, who is gospel, Johnny Ace, Sam Cooke, Eddie Haywood, Oscar Petersen and B. B. King.

HP: Do you think B. B. King could be a religious singer if he wanted to?

Aretha: I think he could.

HP: What was it like living as a child? What were your day to day things?

Aretha: A lot of house chores because my mother passed away in 1952. We all had certain jobs — certain boy chores and certain girl chores.

HP: How many are in your family?

Aretha: Four. I have one brother.

HP: Is he interested in music?

Aretha: No. After he graduated from college, he went into the service. When he got out of the service, he became the assistant minister at my father's church.

HP: How did you meet your husband?

Aretha: Wow! I haven't thought about that in years. I went to a nightclub in Detroit one night. I was there with Mary Wells and her husband. Ted was also at the club with Della Reese and someone introduced us. I think it was my sister who introduced us.

HP: Was your husband your manager right from the beginning?

Aretha: No, about second or third month.

HP: Did he have any experience before?

Aretha: No, he hadn't. Not in the management business. He did in real estate — bondsman.

HP: That must be very helpful in protecting your sanity on the road

Aretha: Yeah.

HP: How do you manage to do that by the way? Your success came so suddenly, did you have any trouble protecting your private life or your sanity?

Aretha: No, I don't think so.

HP: Are you a very religious person?

Aretha: I would say so. Not very, but religious, yes.

HP: That must have a lot to do with keeping your mind straight ahead.

Aretha: Well, it's something good to think about.

HP: Your father must have had a very strong influence on you.

Aretha: Yes.

HP: Could you recall anything he helped you out in as a child?

Aretha: Yes, with my singing. He didn't show me but fortunately I have a pretty good ear. So, I listened to a lot of things that I liked.

HP: How did you learn to play piano?

Aretha: About the same way. My father doesn't play but I did get records that I liked, I listened to them and tried to play.

HP: Did you ever make any attempt to play like Oscar Peterson?

Aretha: Yes and I came out sounding like Piano Red.

HP: Do you like Piano Red?

Aretha: Yeah. I think he's a groove too. One extreme to the other. But, that's the way I like music from one extreme to the other.

HP: Who would you say is the closest vocalist to you in the male category?

Aretha: No one.

HP: I was thinking of Otis Redding when I said that.

Aretha: No.

HP: You sure do have a style all

your own. There's no female singer at all that I can think of that comes close to you.

Aretha: I liked Sam Cooke more than any other male vocalist.

HP: Yeah, his phrasing is very similar. I guess that's all from your church background.

Aretha: Yes it stretches back quite a bit.

HP: When you go into the studio, is the whole band there?

Aretha: As a rule.

HP: Did you ever listen to a band track and get an idea for a song?

Aretha: I write songs and I have listened to tracks and gotten ideas. Maybe just a few bars.

HP: What about dancing? Does watching people dance give you any ideas?

Aretha: I'm a horrible dancer. I like dancing and I like to try but I really am terrible. As far as watching dancing I never got any ideas from that.

HP: What kind of band do you appear with in person?

Aretha: We have about 12 pieces and three girls. One of the girls is my sister, Carolyn. They travel with us most of the time. Erma travels alone.

HP: Do you think you could ever go back to the church as a vocalist?

Aretha: I might be able to once in a while but not on a regular basis.

HP: What made you decide to leave gospel singing?

Aretha: Well, I think I like all types of music. If it sounds good to me I like it. It doesn't matter what category it falls into. I wanted to try and see if I could sing other types of music.

HP: Do you listen to much white gospel?

Aretha: Not really. There are several groups that I like which appear regularly in Detroit. They come out of Ohio.

HP: Do you have a lot of work on the road now?

Aretha: No not as much as I thought we would. Not that we can't but we're doing so many things. We just moved into a new home and I'm working on that. We just got back from Europe and a couple of TV shows. That's about it. The home life helps maintain your sanity. □ Jim Delephant

HP: Could you define the difference between white gospel harmony and Negro gospel harmony?

Aretha: It would be the approach, the sound, the feeling and the beat.

HP: What was your childhood like?

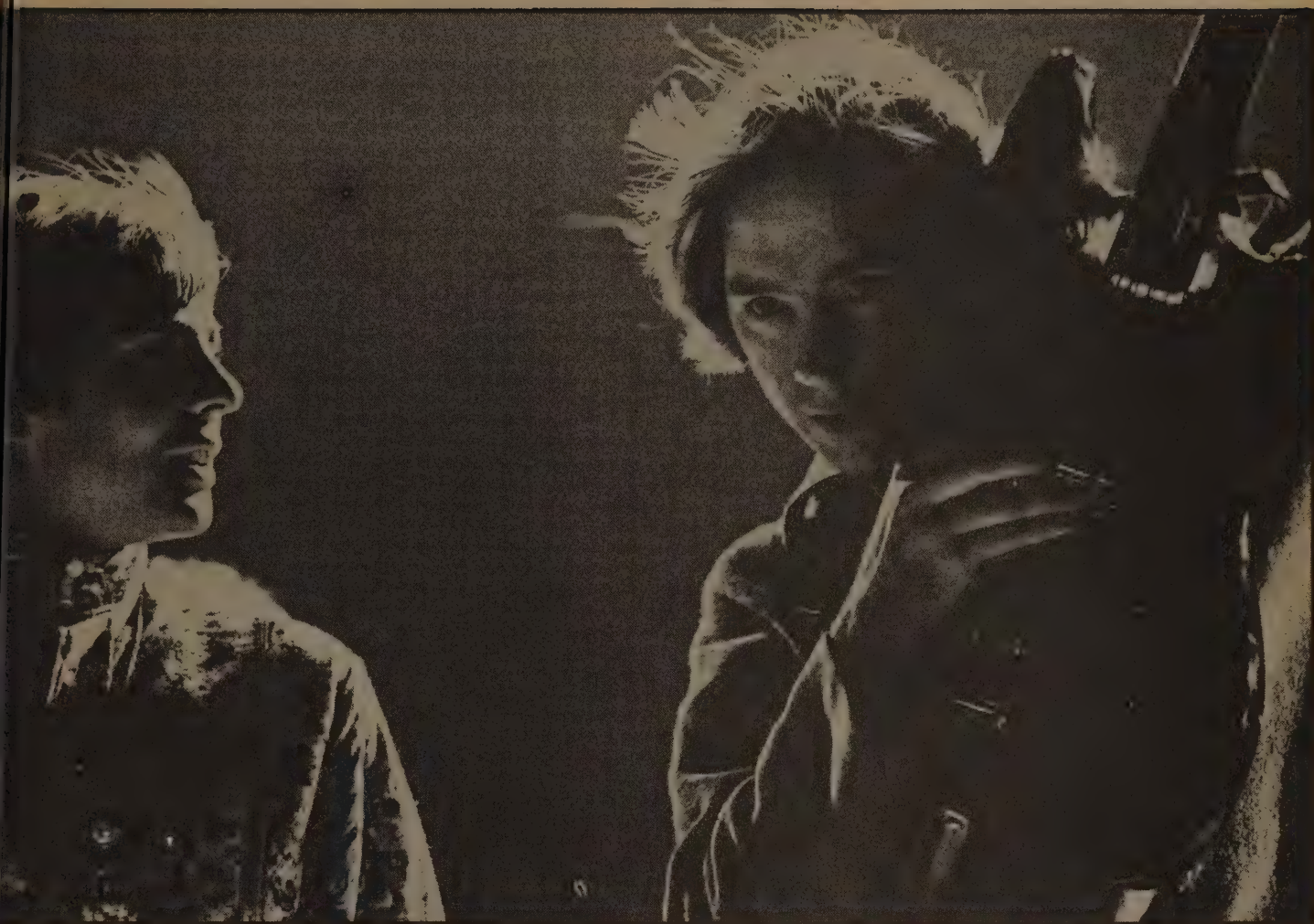
Aretha: I'd say fairly normal with the exception that on the weekends I would travel with my father. He gives sermons at most of the major auditoriums in the major cities. Just the two of us would travel. For a while my older sister Erma, who records for Shout Records, went out with us doing secretarial work. But, she got tired of the long rides so she stopped.

HP: Do your other sisters want to go out as solos?

Aretha: No.

HP: It must have been simple for you to switch from gospel to more popular lyrics. There wasn't much change in your sound.

Aretha: Not very much. There was

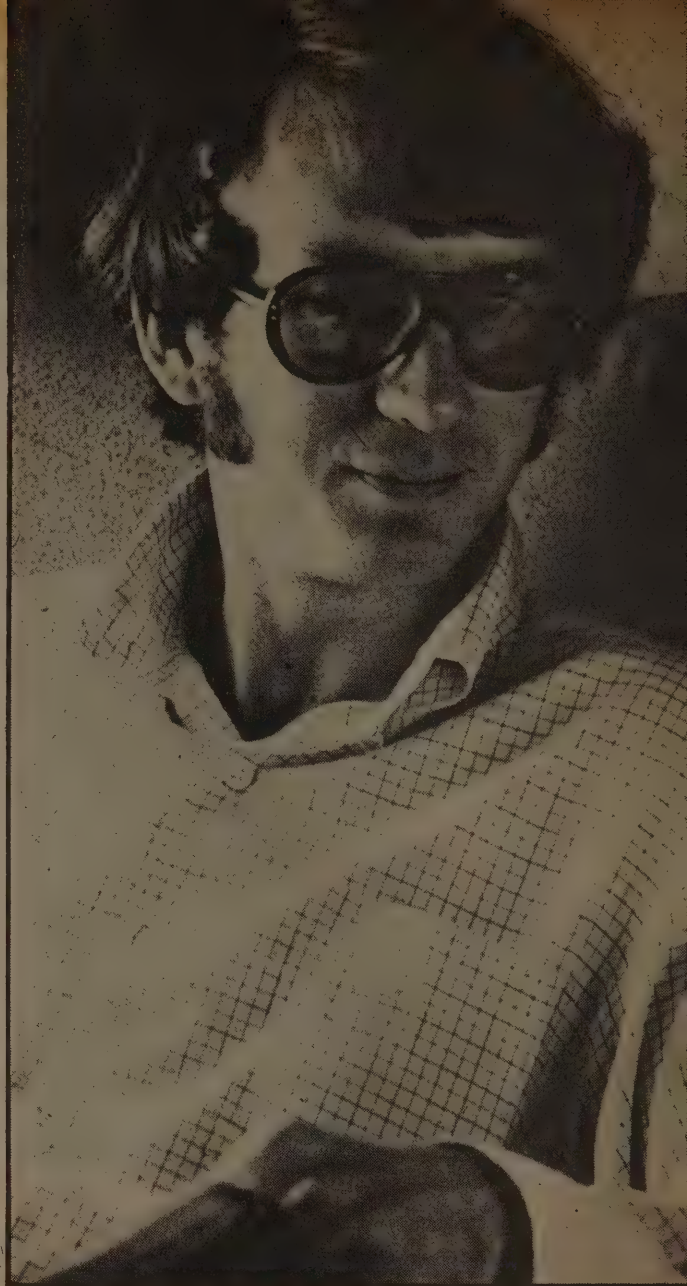
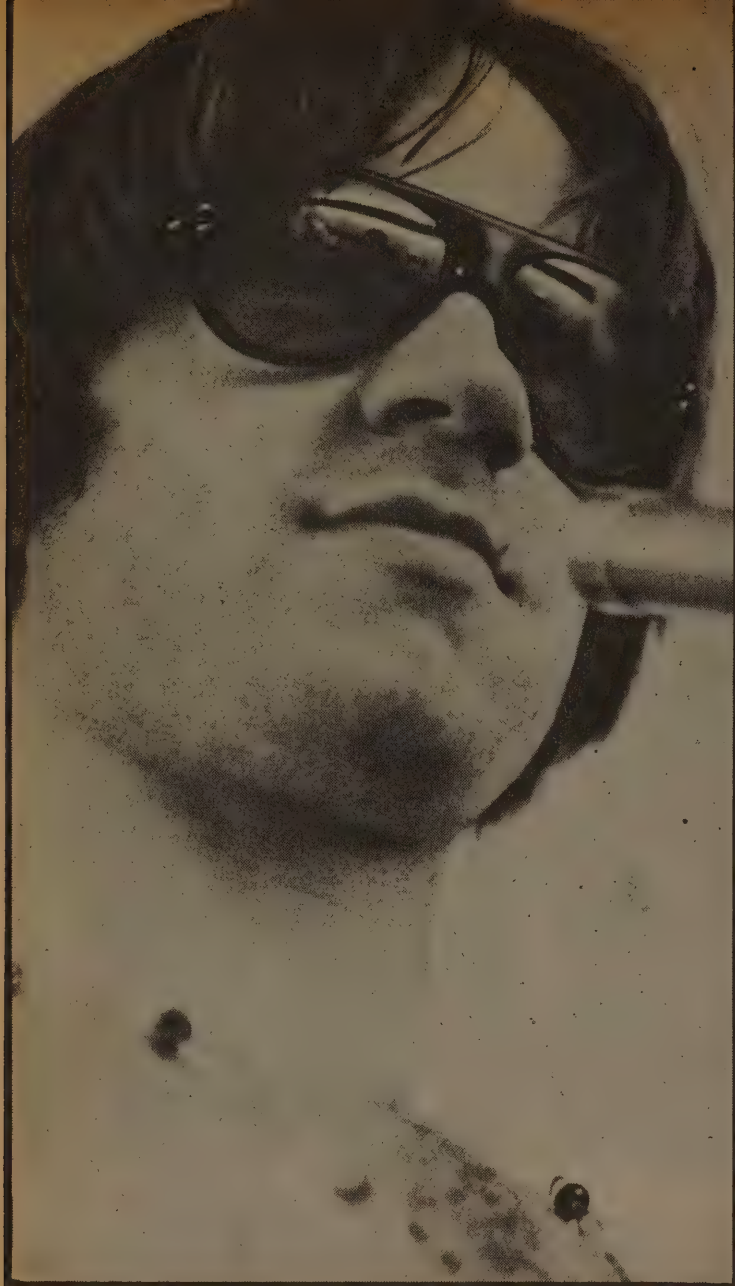


***Have
We
Misjudged
THE
MONKEES?***

Hey, hey, it's the Monkees--and they've made a delightful film. I loved "Head," just loved every minute of it. And when the lights went on in the screening room and all the RCA and Colgems execs blinked their eyes at the applause I felt more than just a little tinge of remorse at the way the rock and roll press establishment has repeatedly blasted the Monkees.

Davy Jones ran to the front of the room anxiously asking some friends if they liked the film. Peter Tork, obscure behind a mangy new beard looked a little uncertain, too. I tend to think, and not without some chagrin-by-association, that the press is responsible for a lot of unpleasant changes. Dolenz, Nesmith, Jones and Tork have been through as individuals.

Pop lacks perspective, as anything this newly successful must at first. A quick check of the critical criteria of the other arts, literature, theatre, TV and film shows these areas of creative expression far more understanding of the demands placed on its performing contingent. I say the Monkees have been misjudged, have been scored on the wrong scorecard.



Forgotten is the fact that they are actors playing rock and roll musicians, not the other way around. And if their music was at first prefabricated, well, that was where the TV show was at, and what of it. I really loved "Last Train to Clarksville", even before I knew the name of the group singing it. And when it was revealed that the Monkees weren't making any of the music ascribed to them I remember the outrage and hostility that followed in the press. At this juncture, (when it seems the whole pop movement has momentarily lost direction) that whole riff seemed kind of silly. Does anyone mind the instruments on Sgt. Pepper that the Beatles don't play?

Of course, the Monkees aren't the Beatles and they, like everyone else in the music scene with the possible exception of Frank Zappa (who is in Head) and Van Dyke Parks (who is not) will probably never even come

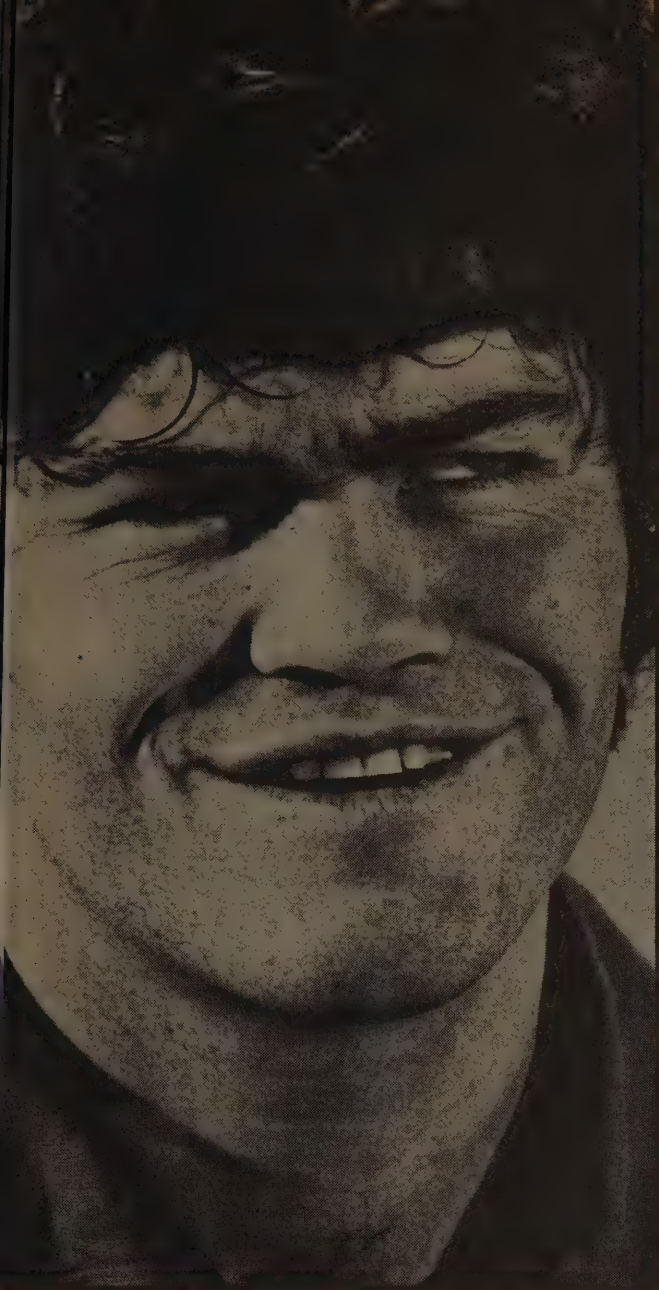
close. But the Monkees aren't even barking up the same tree and to downgrade them for that is pure rock and roll snobbery, a brand of hip-contempt that has become a revealing manifestation of the life style of the beautiful people.

As actors the Monkees have always excelled and they do endearingly well in "Head." They break in and out of character in a flicker of an instant, giving the little vignettes dramatic contrasts in perspective and unsettling breaks in mood. In the space of a few moments, each of the Monkees can switch from camp to black humor, to self conscious reality and back to histrionics, and make those changes smoothly, appropriately and professionally. What was attempted in "Magical Mystery Tour" is joyfully perfected in "Head."

The film opens with the titles and a song by the Monkees which in addition to being a catchy song is an unapolo-

getic statement of where the film, and inevitably, the Monkees are at. "We're made out of tin," the song rejoices, "we're a manufactured product," it laments. Enjoy us for what we are, they demand, don't chastise us for what "Head," and, by extension The Monkees are not. The song goes on to explain that the film has no story, but a lot of stories, "its more fun that way." And they're right.

The director has looked at "Help," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Tom Jones" and learned from all of them. The photography is unexcelled, save perhaps by certain moments of "2001." And the high pitch of exhilaration the film embodies as it moves from one flash to the next, cross-connecting, self-parodying, cutting from realism to surrealism, never letting a laugh go by, makes it one of the most delightful experiences you could chose, a good cut above the majority of pop



records that have been released in the past year.

One of the things that impressed me the most while watching the film, and indeed what inspired me to write this, my first film review, was the subtle apology by the Monkees for their career which hung subtly on the periphery of the sequences. The Monkees celebrated their own placticity while revealing for all to see their own contempt for 'media-truth,' and by the same token, their willing enslavement to it. The cameo roles of Victor Mature, Frank Zappa and Annette Funicello are used to imply a sort of backhanded defense of the kind of success the Monkees have attained. In one of the sequences, a Monkee Concert is intercut with war scenes, in another Frank Zappa (leading a bull around) confronts them and tells them the teen-

agers of the world are depending on them. Think of the absurdity of Zappa's title for one of the Mothers' albums: "We're only in it for the Money." Think of the absurdity of anyone in the rock-scene pretending that money doesn't matter at all. Then dig the Monkees and the glass house they've had to live in because of some kind of dumb pop double standard.

Hey, hey this is not the best of all possible worlds. TV probably never will have the freedom of expression that albums now enjoy. If you've ever dreamed of, or tried to pursue a creative profession you know all too well the contradictions and conflicts that face you once you've earned an audience of your own. Unless of course you are as bit as the Beatles and already *there*, a rebel with more power behind you than above you.

John Lennon stands naked and humble, nude and proud on the face of an album cover while Country Joe and the Fish and the Fugs thought of it a year or two ago but their respective record companies wouldn't hear of it. Regardless of how you feel about nudity, the analogy makes it point. There are the Monkees, naked in their images, telling it like their bosses said it should be. And in *Head*, by overstatement and inversion, telling it like it is. The point is, *Head*, in its own way is an honest and occasionally incisive movie, technically brilliant and aesthetically beautiful. More importantly, it's a lot of fun. And it's worthy of a good sight more respect than it's probably going to get. And that's a shame.

Hey, hey go see "Head." And enjoy yourselves? The Monkees would like it that way---and they've made no bones about it. □ellen sander



How JIMI HENDRIX Began The Experience

It was the man they call "the walking hill" - burly ex-Animal Chas Chandler who transformed the unknown guitarist playing at the Cafe Wha in New York's Greenwich Village into the Super Star that he is today. Chas feels that he has now done all he can for the Hendrix Experience and has sold his interest in the group to his partner Mike Jeffries but he still looks back with justifiable pride at the accomplishments he helped engineer for what must be one of the most unlikely idols of our age.

It was Linda Keith - at that time Rolling Stone Keith Richards' girlfriend who first brought Jimi to the attention of Chas who was playing out his last four weeks with the Animals in America.

She recommended Chas see and talk to Jimi in New York Village. "I was half convinced to sign him up before I even heard him play," Chas told me. "We had a talk in a little restaurant before he played at the club. I remember thinking 'this cat's wild enough to upset more people than Jagger.'"

By the time I heard him play 'Wild Thing' and 'Like A Rolling Stone' I was certain and when he did a ver-

sion of 'Hey Joe' - a number I was planning to record as my first independent venture from the Animals with another artist - that clinched it.

"As soon as I convinced Jimi that he could buy amplifiers in England - he seemed to be under the impression we were all still using gas over here - he was all for coming to London."

Chas eventually took all the other Animals down to see Jimi and although they raved about his musical ability none could see the commercial potential.

Undeterred Chas took his manager Mike Jeffries down to see him and he agreed to come in as a co-manager.

In September 1966 Jimi arrived at London Airport and was nearly put on the first plane back when the immigration officers discovered he had no work permit.

"We had already had trouble getting Jimi his passport and birth certificate and this was nearly the end," said Chas.

"I was fortunately able to rustle up a one-week provisional visa and later we got it extended to three months."

Chas schemed to promote Jimi as the giant boggy-man of all time and following a photo session they selected all the

more gruesome shots of Jimi which made him look like a big nasty.

But before he could be launched, a group had to be found to back him who were almost as way out as Jimi and musically sound.

"When Jimi was playing in New York he had a trio but I felt the drummer was not good enough and he had a brilliant guitarist - a boy called Randy California who is now making a big name for himself with an American group called the Spirit - who was only sixteen.

"Back in England I had been approached by Noel Redding who wanted to join the newly formed Animals as he had heard there was a vacancy for a lead guitarist.

"I told him that the vacancy had not been filled but I was looking for a bass player for Jimi. I took Noel round to a hall where Jimi was rehearsing and lent him my bass, when I came back an hour later he was 'n'."

Chas had also heard that Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames had broken up and about a new and brilliant young drummer they had called, Mitch Mitchell.

Along with a few other hopefuls Mitch played drums for Jimi who was so impressed with his bass drum work that he was immediately signed up as the other member.

"Things began happening incredibly fast after that," recalled Chas. "Jimi sat in one night with Brian Auger at at Blaises and French pop star Johnny Halliday was in the audience.

"He wanted us for a short French tour which finished up at the Paris Olympia - one of the biggest theatres in the world. That was to be our first gig."

The wild man of pop as he was becoming known to the musical trade press was already making a big noise and drawing plaudits from established "in" musicians like Eric Clapton.

The Experience did a week in Germany where Chas advised Jimi what to keep in the act and what to leave out. It was time for the big bad guitar-man, to meet the British Press.

"There was obviously going to be a confusion when the Press met him face to face," admitted Chas, "in spite of the fact we had built him up as a villain, he was, by nature, a 'gentle' man and even contrived to look rather handsome when we allowed him to smile.

"I stopped worrying about it when I realized the Press would be as confused by the contradiction as everyone else and that it would give them something to talk about. Jimi was now an enigma - was he or wasn't he nasty?"



A press reception was organized at the Bag Of Nails and those that Jimi could not impress with his incredible musicianship he managed to grab with his guitar antics - playing with his teeth and leaving the instruments still vibrating and playing on stage.

I remember thinking myself that here was a very talented man but could he break through the ten by eight glossy pin up barrier that pervaded popdom? I thought not and made to leave shortly before Jimi's act closed - I got half way up the stairs out of the Bag Of Nails and heard "Wild Thing."

It brought me back to my seat and, I too, realized at that point Chas had more than just a clever guitarist up his sleeve.

"I wanted the Harold Davison Agency to book Jimi," Chas told me, "so I invited agent Dick Katz down to the Scotch of St. James one evening to hear Jimi in a jam session.

"Jimi broke a string on his first number but still managed an incredible set. I turned to Dick and said, 'He broke a string you know.'"

"Dick was glued to the stage - he is a musician himself - 'That had not escaped my attention,' he said, 'I can't wait to hear him with six!'"

"Paul McCartney was also sitting at our table and leaned over to say he hoped Dick and Jimi signed up as he would be a giant. After Jimi had played 'Like a Rolling Stone' I noticed Kit Lambert get up the other side of the club and almost knock over a table in his attempt to talk to me. He wanted Jimi for his new independent Track label."

Everything was geared for something sensational to break - the machinery and the men were in motion and Chas knew he had made the breakthrough after the Experience played Hounslow Ricky that same night at the press reception.

"We went on before the new Animals," said Chas. "I'd never seen anything like it - you could have heard a pin drop between numbers."

"They were transfixed by Jimi and you could almost hear a quick intake of breath when he came on stage, and made a slight movement backwards. They were both frightened and excited and that was exactly what we wanted."

Apart from Jimi's playing there was already considerable comment in the musical press about the suggestive quality of his act.

"To me there has never been anything wrong with his act," said Chas. "It was just good clean healthy sex. He was never vulgar but it was obvious that we were going to come up against trouble."

"On his first major tour with the Walker Brothers we had the Rank circuit up in arms over the act. They sent down investigators and when I knew they were there we toned down the act. When they went away we went back to normal."

"The first night we knew we had to pull something sensational to get a good press reaction and so the guitar that burst into flames was contrived."

"Of course, we all maintained it was an accident and Jimi even wore a bandage the second house to make it look good."

"In fact we soaked it in petrol and deliberately set light to it - the organizers were running round in circles trying to find the culprit and examine the guitar which had mysteriously disappeared."

"I distinctly remember Tito Burns waving a fist at me and shouting 'You can't get away with things like this Chas - if we find that guitar I'll have you prosecuted.' Underneath his overcoat I could make out the charred end of an electric guitar." □ Keith altham (more next issue)



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• TO SUSAN ON THE WEST COAST WAITING

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)
DONOVAN LEITCH

To Susan on the West Coast waiting
Dear Susan I know you love me so
But I want to hear it in my ear
You know I'd be there working at my craft
Had it not been for the draft
Dry up your tears and have no fear
You're here with me, like I'm there with you.

To Susan on the West Coast waiting
From Andy in Viet Nam fighting
To Susan on the West Coast waiting
From Andy in Viet Nam fighting.

I'm writing a note beneath a tree
The smell of the rain on the greenery
Our father's have painfully lost their way
That's why my love I'm here today
Hear me what I say
There will come a day
When kings will know and love can grow.
(Repeat chorus)

Susan I know you love me so
But I'd like to hear it in my ear
You know I'd be there working at my craft
Had it not been for the draft
Dry up your tears and have no fears
You're here with me, like I'm there with you.
(Repeat chorus)

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• MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU

(As recorded by Jose Feliciano/RCA Victor)

EDDIE HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
BRIAN HOLLAND

My world is empty without you, babe
My world is empty without you, babe
And as I go my way alone
I find it hard for me to carry on
I need your strength, your tender touch
I need your tender touch
I need the love my dear
I miss so much
My world is empty without you, babe
My world is empty without you, babe.

From this old world I try to hide my face
But from this loneliness there's no hiding place
Inside this cold and empty house I dwell
In darkness with memories I know so well
I need love now more than before
I can hardly carry on anymore
My world is empty without you, babe
Without you babe, without you, babe.

My mind and soul have felt like this
Since love between us no more exists
And each time that darkness falls
It finds me alone with these four walls
My world is empty without you, babe
Without you, babe.

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• TAKE CARE OF YOUR HOMEWORK

(As recorded by Johnny Taylor/Stax)

RAYMOND JACKSON
HOMER BANKS
DON DAVIS
Got to tell you true
I got to tell you true
Oh brother Jack you goin' with sister Sadie
When you ought to be home with your old lady
But your heart's divided in so many pieces
Tryin' to please them both
Never pleasing neither
Oh Jack take it on back

Before your good thing is gone
Because the down fall of too many men
Is up-keep of too many women
Take care of your homework, fella
Because somebody will, oh yeah
You better take care of your homework, fella
If you don't somebody will.

Now wait a minute here
Oh brother Fred how you can run
Staying out all night leaving his homework undone
Now Fred's old lady took as much as she could stand
Then one night the nextdoor neighbor
Taken her in hand
Now fellas let me tell you
These girls are getting hip
You can only slide so long
Before you make a slip
Take care of your homework, fella
If you don't somebody else will.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

●HONEY

(As recorded by O.C. Smith/Columbia)

BOBBY RUSSELL

See the tree how big it's grown
But friend it hasn't been too long
it wasn't big
I laughed at her and she got mad
The first day that she planted it it was just
a twig
Then the first snow came and she ran out
to brush the snow away
So it wouldn't die
Came runnin' in all excited slipped and
almost hurt herself
I laughed til I cried.

She was always young at heart
Kinda dum and kinda smart and I loved
her so
I surprised her with a puppy
Kept me up all Christmas Eve two years
And it would sure embarrass her when I
came home from working late
'Cause I would know that she'd been
sittin' there cryin' over some sad and
silly late late show
And honey I miss you
And I'm being good
And I'd love to be with you if only I could.

She wrecked the car and she was sad
And so afraid that I'd be mad
But what the heck
Though I pretended hard to be
Guess you could say she saw through me
And hugged my neck
I came home unexpectedly and found her
crying needlessly
In the middle of the day
And it was in the early spring when flowers
bloom and robins sing she went away
And honey I miss you
And I'm being good
And I'd love to be with you if only I could.
Yes one day while I wasn't home
While she was there and all alone
The angels came
Now all I have is memories of honey
And I wake up nights and call her name
Now my life's an empty stage where honey
lived and honey played
And love grew up
A small cloud passes over head and cries
down in the flower bed that honey loved,
Yes honey I miss you
And I'm being good
And I'd love to be with you if only I could.
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Music.

●I'M GONNA HOLD ON LONG AS I CAN

(As recorded by the Marveletts/Tamla)

FRANK WILSON

LENA MANN

Time is running out on this poor heart of
mine
And the whole world seems dark around
me without you by my side
Yes it does
I realize I'm not the one you want
But understand me you're the one I need
Oh I'm gonna hold on long as I can
Hold on long as I can, hold on long as
I can.
Words don't come easy with these teardrops
in my eyes
And I'm walking around in circles like a
helpless child
Yes I am
I realize that things have changed
But your sweet, sweet memories still remain
I'm gonna hold on, I'm gonna hold on,
I'm gonna hold on
Every beat in my heart keeps telling me
to hold on
Every day that we're apart
Keeps telling me to hold on
Cause every morning about the break of
dawn
I reach out to touch you and find you're
gone
I look in the mirror and my eyes are red
From cryin' all night long from the things
you said
But still I'm gonna hold on long as I can
Oh yes I am
I've got to hold on, hold on long as I can
Cause I love you and you're my man
I know I gotta hold on as long as I can
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Inc.

●EVERYDAY PEOPLE

(As recorded by Sly & The Family
Stone/Epic)

SYLVESTER STEWART

Sometimes I'm right and I can be wrong
My own beliefs are in my song
A butcher, a banker, a drummer and
then
Makes no difference what group I'm in
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah.

There is a blue one who can't accept the
green one
For living with a fat one tryin' to be a
skinny one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on,
And skoobedoobedoobe
Oo-sha sha
We got to live together.

I am no better and neither are you
We are the same whatever we do
You love me, you hate me, you know me
And then you can't figure out the bag
I'm in
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah.

There is a long hair that doesn't like
the short hair
For being such a rich one that will not
help the poor one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on
And skoobedoobe, oo sha sha
We got to live together.

There is a yellow one that won't accept
the black one
That won't accept the red one
That won't accept the white one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on
And skoobedoobe oo sha sha
We got to live together
I am everyday people.
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●PURPLE HAZE

(As recorded by Dion/Laurie)

JIMI HENDRIX

Purple haze was in my brain
Lately things don't seem the same
Actin' funny but I don't know why
'Scuse me while I kiss the sky
Purple haze all around
Don't know if I'm coming up or down
Am I happy or in misery
Whatever it is that girl put a spell on me
Purple haze was in my eyes
Don't know if it's day or night
You've got me slowing, blowin' my mind
Is it tomorrow or just the end of time
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St., New York, N.Y. 10019

●THIS OLE HEART OF MINE (Is Weak For You)

(As recorded by Tammi Terrell/

Motown)

HOLLAND

DOZIER

HOLLAND

Oh this ole heart of mine's been broke
a thousand times
Each time you break away
I fear you're gone to stay
Lonely nights that come
Memories that go
Bringin' you back again
Hurting me more and more
Maybe it's my mistake
To show this love I feel inside
'Cause each day can pass me by
You got me never knowing if I'm
coming or going.
But I love you
This ole heart darling is weak
for you
I love you, yes I do.
These old arms of mine miss having
you around
Makes these tears inside
Start falling down
Always with half a kiss
You remind me of what I miss
Tho' I try to control myself
Like a fool I start failing
'Cause my heart starts spinnin'
'Cause I love you
This ole heart darling is weak for you
I love you, yes I do.
I try hard to hide
My heart inside
This ole heart of mine
Always keeps me crying
The way you treat me
Leaves me incomplete
You're here for the day
Gone for the week
But if you leave me a hundred times
A hundred times I'll take you back
I'm yours whenever you want me
That's a promise tell 'em all about it.
(Repeat chorus.)
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•GOODNIGHT MY LOVE

(As recorded by Paul Anka/RCA)
GEORGE MOTOLA

JOHN S. MARASCALCO

Goodnight my love pleasant dreams
And sleep tight my love
May tomorrow be sunny and bright
And bring you closer to me
Before you go
Please remember I need you so
And this love I hold for you
Will never grow cold
If you should awake in the still of the night
Please have no fear
Just close your eyes then you'll realize
That my love will watch over you dear
always,
Goodnight my love pleasant dreams
And sleep tight my love
May tomorrow be sunny and bright
And bring you closer to me.

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•RIVER DEEP - MOUNTAIN HIGH

(As recorded by Deep Purple/
Tetragrammaton)

JEFF BARRY

ELLIE GREENWICH

PHIL SPECTOR

When I was a little girl
I had a rag doll
The only doll I've ever owned
Now I love you just the way I loved
that rag doll
But only now my love has grown.

And it gets stronger in every way
And it gets deeper, let me say
And it gets higher day by day
And do I love you, my oh my
Yeah river deep, mountain high
Yeah, yeah, yeah
And if I lost you, would I cry
Oh how I love you baby, baby, baby,
baby.

When you were a young boy
Did you have a puppy that always followed
you around
Well I'm gonna be as faithful as that puppy
No I'll never let you down
Cause it goes on and on like a river flows
And it gets bigger baby and heaven knows
That it gets sweeter, baby, as it grows.

And do I love you, my oh my
Yeah river deep, mountain high
Yeah, yeah, yeah
And baby, baby, baby
I love you baby like a flower loves the
spring
And I love you baby like a robin loves
to sing
And I love you, baby, like a schoolboy
loves his pie
And I love you baby, river deep, mountain
high.

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•PROUD MARY

(As recorded by Creedence clearwater
Revival/Fantasy)

JOHN FOGERTY

Left a good job in the city
Workin' for the man every night and day
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'
Worryin' bout the way things might have
been.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'
Proud Mary keep on burnin'
Rollin', rollin' rollin' on the river
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of the city
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat
queen.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'
Proud Mary keep on burnin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.

If you come down to the river
Bet you gonna find some people who live
You don't have to worry 'cause you have
no money
People on the river are happy to give.

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•GOOD LOVIN' AIN'T EASY TO COME BY

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye & Tammy
Terrell/Tamla)

NICHOLAS ASHFORD

VALERIE SIMPSON

Good lovin' ain't easy

Good lovin' ain't easy

Good lovin' ain't easy

to come by

Oh darlin' not the kind you offer me
It's just not to be found

Cause we're working on a building nobody
can tear down

Not what we got

Good lovin' ain't easy

Good lovin' ain't easy

Good lovin' ain't easy

to come by.

No, no I've tried the good life and I
know it's a playground

Where no one cares

Fun and laughs you find out there

It don't compare to what we got

It takes more than just a song and dance

You've got to work and to fight

Give it a chance

But if the rain comes down on us

And there ain't no place to run

Girl we'll just cover ourselves

with a blanket of love

Wait till the morning comes

A blanket of tenderness and affection

Give us protection

Good lovin' ain't easy to come by

Sometimes it's just a plaything you toss
away

When it's old

But we know the value increases and it's
worth more than gold

That's what we got

It ain't easy to come by

Good lovin' ain't easy to come by.

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•THERE'LL COME A TIME

(As recorded by Betty Everett/Uni)
FLOYD SMITH

EUGENE RECORD

There'll come a time in every girl's life
she'll have to cry

There'll come a time when the heart won't
take no more

She'll have to cry, cry, cry, cry

Baby sometimes you see the rich have to
cry

The poor have to cry

You got to cry

And I got to cry sometimes

I'll say it again

Rich have to cry, the poor have to cry
you got to cry

I got to cry, oh yeah.

Oh love, oh love, oh love

Why you wanna go

Away and leave me here to cry

When you knew I would miss you

But oh baby if you'd please, please come
back to me

I aploogize, if I ever made you cry

You see the rich have to cry, poor have
to cry

You got to cry, and I got to cry.

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•CROSSROADS

(As recorded by the Cream/Atco)
R. JOHNSON

I went down to the crossroads

Fell down on my knees

Down to the crossroads

Fell down on my knees

Ask somebody above for mercy

Take me if you please.

I went down to the crossroads

Tried to flag a ride

Down to the crossroads

Tried to flag a ride

Nobody seemed to know me

Everybody passed by.

Well I'm goint down to Rosedale

Take my Reta by my side

Going down to Rosedale

Take my Reta by my side

We can still find a house baby, on the
river side.

Well I'm going down to Rosedale

Take my Reta by my side

Going down to Rosedale

Take my Reta by my side

We can still find a house baby, on the
river side.

You can run, you can run

Tell my friends I'll be 'round

Run, you can run

Tell my friends I'll be 'round

And I'm staying at the crossroads

Believe I'm sinkin' down.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

(As recorded by Joe South/Capitol)
JOE SOUTH

Oh the games people play now
Every night and everyday now
Never meaning what they say now
Never saying what they mean
And they wile away the hours in their ivory
towers
Till they're covered up with flowers
In the back of a black limousine

La da da da da da da da
La da da da da da dee
Talkin' 'bout you and me
And the games people play.

Oh we make one another cry
Break a heart then we say goodbye
Cross our hearts and we hope to
That the other was to blame
Neither one will give in
So we gaze at our 8x10

Thinking 'bout the things that might have
been

It's a dirty rotten shame
(Repeat chorus).

People walking up to you
Singing glory halleluia
And they're tryin' to sock it to you
in the name of the Lord
They're gonna teach you how to meditate
Read your horoscope, cheat your fate
And further more to hell with hate
C'mon get on board
(Repeat chorus).

Look around, tell me what you see
What's happening to you and me
God grant me the serenity to remember who
I am

Cause you've given up your sanity for your
pride and your vanity turns you sad on
humanity

And you don't give a da da da da da.
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Inc.

• THINGS I'D LIKE TO SAY

(As recorded by the New Colony Six/
Mercury)

R. RICE
L. KUMMEL

Baby is he looking after you
Is he showing you the same love
The warm love just like we knew
Baby, baby, it's you I'm thinking of in
the morning when I wake up
In the evening, it's you that I dream of
Sometimes love hurts and sometimes love's
unkind
And sometimes you might feel blue
But remember now darlin'
If his words are real this will never,
never happen to you
Baby, baby these things I'd like to say
I was hoping that with our love
We would get married some day.

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• CONDITION RED

(As recorded by the Goodees/Hip)
DON DAVIS

FRED BRIGGS
Condition red, don't you come over tonight
Cause mommy and daddy don't approve
of you and me getting too tight
Why doesn't he get a haircut
Why doesn't he shave
You know he used to be such a nice lookin'
fellow
Before he grew that awful beard
That's why my mommy and daddy keep
saying to me
And everytime they down you boy
I try to make them see,
That though your hair is long
And your mind is in the sky
For me you're the right guy.

Condition red, baby please stay away
Cause I don't know what mommy and
daddy might say
It's gonna be hard for us to keep on
Lovin' this way but I gotta keep seein' you
Boy, no matter what they say
Now matter how they down you boy
And say you're not my kind
I'm gonna love you honey till the end of
time
I guess we'll have to meet down at the
corner from now on
That look in your eye
Where you goin'
Can I go with you, take me with you
Don't go away mad
Please come back, can't you see I just don't
care what they say
Take me with you, cause my love for you
is so strong
Hey there's a car
Watch out for the car
Condition red, I'll never see you again
Condition red, condition red.

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• BABY, BABY DON'T CRY

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson &
The Miracles/Tamla)

ALFRED CLEVELAND
WILLIAM ROBINSON
TERRY JOHNSON

Nothing so blue as a heart in pain
Nothing so sad as a tear in vain
Let him walk on out if he wants to
He really doesn't deserve you
His loss is our gain so don't be blue
Cause stone blind and out of his mind
is what he has to be, heah
So baby straighten up, come on and fly
right

It's no catastrophe, yeah
And say now baby, baby don't cry
Baby, baby don't cry
Baby, baby here's why
Love is here standing by
Love is here standing by.

Too bad it was him that you trusted
Too bad but you can't be disgusted
It's time that you got readjusted
And realized that tearfilled eyes can't stop
him now

That man is on his way
I think he's gone to stay
You better drop him now, yeah
Oowee now, baby, baby don't cry
Baby, baby don't cry
Baby, baby here's why
Because love is here standing by
Love is here standing by
You trusted him and gave him your love
A love he proved unworthy of

Oh baby, oh baby all you've got to do
is dry your eyes long enough to see
That you have found the love you thought
you had in him here in me
Love is hope girl
Love is strength
Here's someone standing right beside
you
Who would go to any length
To give you love true and deep
And hope you realize at last you found
a love that you can keep
And only losers weep
So standing by you tears aren't shed in
vain I said so.

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• LET IT BE ME

(As recorded by Glen Campbell &
Bobby Gentry/Capitol)

MANN CURTIS
GILBERT BECAUD

I bless the day I found you
I want to stay around you
And so I beg you
Let it be me
Don't take this heaven from one
If you must cling to someone
Now and forever
Let it be me
Each time we meet, love
I find complete love
Without your sweet love
What would life be?
So never leave me lonely
Tell me you'll love me only
And that you'll always
Let it be me.

If, for each bit of gladness
Someone must taste of sadness
I'll bear the sorrow,
Let it be me
No matter what the price is
I'll make the scarifies
Through each tomorrow
Let it be me
To you I'm praying
Hear what I'm saying
Please let your heart beat
For me just me
And never leave me lonely
Tell me you'll love me only
And that you'll always
Let it be me.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•TOUCH ME

(As recorded by the Doors/Elektra
THE DOORS)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon now
touch me babe
Can't you see that I am not afraid
What was the promise that you made
Why won't you tell me what she said
What was that promise that she made.
Now I'm gonna love you
Till the heaven stops the rain
I'm gonna love you till the stars fall from
the sky for you and I.
I'm gonna love you
Till the heaven stops the rain
I'm gonna love you
Till the stars fall from the sky
for you and I.

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•HEY BABY

(As recorded by Jose Feliciano/RCA
Victor)

BRUCE CHANNEL
MARGARET COBB
Hey, hey baby I wanta know
If you'll be my girl
When I saw you walkin' down the street
I said that's the kind of gal I'd like to
meet
She's so pretty, Lord, she's fine
I'm gonna make her mine, all mine.

Hey, hey baby, I wanta know
If you'll be my girl
When you turned and walked away
That's - a when I want - a say
Come on baby, give me a whirl
I wanta know if you'll be my girl
Hey, hey baby, I wanta know
If you'll be my girl.

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•INDIAN GIVER

(As recorded by the 1910 Fruitgum Co./
BOBBY BLOOM
BO GENTRY)

RICHIE CORDELL
I can still remember it wasn't long ago
Things you used to tell me
You said I had to know
Told me that you love me
And that you always would
Then I said I love you
You said that that was good
Girl you made a promise
Said you'd never want me to go
Oh no, Indian giver, Indian giver
You took your love away from me
Indian giver, Indian giver
Took back the love you gave to me
Baby, I was feeling the way I want to
feel
You had me believing the love we had
was real
Things we did together
You said they'd never end
Now and till forever
Oh yeah, that's what you said
Girl when I was down
I know that you always be there
(Repeat chorus).

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•I'M LIVING IN SHAME

(As recorded by Diana Ross and the
Supremes/Mptown)

HENRY COSBY
BERRY GORDY, JR.
F. WILSON
PAM SAWYER
R. DEAN TAYLOR
Mama was cookin' bread
She wore a dirty raggedy scarf around her
head
Always had her stockings low
Rolled to her feet just didn't know
She wore a sloppy dress
Oh no matter how she tried she always
looked a mess
Out of the pot she ate
Never used a fork or a dinner plate
I was always so afraid that my uptown
friends would see her
Afraid one day when I was grown that I
would be her
In college town away from here
A new identity I found
That I was born elite with maids and
servants at my feet
I must have been insane
I lied and said mama died on a weekend trip
to Spain
She never got out of the house
Never even boarded a train
Married a guy, was living high
I didn't want him to know her
She had a grandson two years old that I
never even showed her
I'm living in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you're not to blame
Mama, I miss you.

Got a telegram
Mama passed away while making homeade
jam
Before she died she cried to see me by her
side
She always did her best
Ah cooked and cleaned and always in the
same old dress
Working hard, down on her knees
Always trying to please
Mama, mama, mama can you hear me
Mama, mama, mama can you hear me
I'm living in shame
Mama, I miss you
I know you've done your best
Mama, I miss you
Won't you forgive me mama
For all the wrong I've done
I know you've done your best
Oh I know you've done the very best you
could
Mama I thought you understood
Working hard, down on your knees
Mama you're always, always trying to
please.

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•GIVE IT UP OR TURN IT-A - LOOSE

(As recorded by James Brown/King)
C. BOBBITT
E-E-E-E-E-E

Baby, give it up or turn-it-a-loose
Uh ha baby give it up or turn it-a-loose
Starting over again
Baby, give it up or turn it-a-loose
Oh ha baby, give it up or turn it-a-loose
Ooooh all right.

Baby, give it up, oh turn it-a-loose oh
Oh o o all night long, uh
All right, hey, hey, hey, hey
All night long, ain't no use oh o
Oh oo baby give it up ha
Lord have mercy, hey, hey, hey, hey
Uh ha oh oh e wow
Baby need you so
Uh turn it-a-loose
Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Oh, oh oh, hold you tight
Cause I need you so
With all my might
I've got to squeeze you
Hold you tight, because I love you so
Oh oh oh baby oh.

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•HOME COOKIN'

(As recorded by Jr. Walker & The All
Stars/Soul)

MELVIN MAY
HENRY COSBY
EDDIE WILLIS
I need home, home cookin'
Yeah I need home, home cookin'
Yeah they say a woman's place is in the
kitchen
But in the kitchen you're all thumbs
Them meals that you been fixing
They ain't nothing buy yesterday's crumbs
And I like your wiggly walk
I like your baby talk
Yeah you are neat
The way you look but you ain't nothing if
you can't cook
I work hard, I sweat all day
I rush back home to see what's cookin'
The beans are burned, the bread's like clay
And in the mirror I find you lookin'
Now I like sweet candy yams
And I like home baked hams instead of
studying how you look
You ought to study your momma's cook
book
If you wanna soul man
Get to rattlin' them pots and pans
I need home, home cookin'
I need home, home cookin'
Yeah hot gravy and pot roast.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

● HE CALLED ME BABY

(As recorded by Ella Washington/Sound Stage 7)

HARLAN HOWARD

He called me baby, baby all night long
Used to hold and kiss me till the dawn
Then one day I awoke and he was gone
There's no more baby, baby all night long.

He called me baby, baby all night long
Kissed my tears away when things went wrong

What I'd give if he'd just come back home
And call me baby, baby all night long.

Held me up so high

And made me strong

Now each night in dreams

Just like a song

I still hear baby, baby all night long.

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● LOOKING BACK

(As recorded by Joe Simon/Sound Stage 7)

CLYDE OTIS

BROOK BENTON

BELFORD HENDRICKS

Looking back over my life I can see

Where I caused you strife

But I know, oh yes I know

I'd never make that same mistake again

Looking back over my deeds I can see

signs a wise man heeds

And if I just had the chance

I'd never make that same mistake again.

Once my cup was overflowing

But I gave nothing in return

Now I can't begin to tell you

What a lesson I have learned

Looking back over the slate

I can see love turned to hate

But I know, oh yes I know

I'd never make that same mistake again.

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and Sweco Music Corp.

● THIS MAGIC MOMENT

(As recorded by Jay & The Americans/
United Artists)

DOC POMUS

MORT SHUMAN

Was like any other until I kissed you.

And then it happened.

It took me by surprise.

I knew you felt it too

By the look in your eyes,

Sweeter than wine,

Softer than a summer night.

Ev'rything I want I have

Whenever I hold you tight.

This magic moment

While your lips are close to mine

Will last forever, forever

Till the end of time.

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● ALMOST PERSUADED

(As recorded by Etta James/Cadet)
GLENN SUTTON

BILLY SHERRILL

Last night all alone in a ballroom

Met a girl with a drink in her hand

She had ruby red lips, coal black hair

And eyes that would tempt any man.

Then she came and sat down at my table

And as she placed her soft hands in mine

I found myself wanting to kiss her

For temptation was flowing like wine.

And I was almost persuaded to strip

myself of my pride

Almost persuaded to push my conscience

aside

Then we danced and she whispers, I

need you

Take me away from here and bemy man.

Then I looked into her eyes and I saw it

The reflection of my wedding band

And I was almost persuaded to let strange

lips lead me on

Almost persuaded but your sweet lovemade

me stop and go home.

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● RAIN IN MY HEART

(As recorded by Frank Sinatra/Reprise)

T. RANDAZZO

V. PIKE

My eyes are dry, my love

Since you've been gone

I haven't shed a tear

I'll never cry, my love

Though every day seems like a hundred

years

For I'm just a fool that clings to his pride

But when I'm alone

I can hear the sound of rain in my heart

Of the tears that I hide and it tears my

apart

Cause I keep them inside

I can't get away from the sound of rain

in my heart.

How could I know, my love

I was a toy, only a game to you

How could you go, my love

Without a thought of what I'm going

through

How can I forget I still love you so

It echoes each time that I hear the sound

of rain in my heart

From the tears that I hide

Though it tears me apart

I still keep them inside

But I can't escape from the sound of rain

in my heart.

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● (This Is) MY COUNTRY

(As recorded by the Impressions/
Curton)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Some people think we don't have the right

To say it's my country

Before they give in they'd rather fuss and

fight

Than say it's my country

I paid three hundred years or more

Of slave driving, sweat and welts on my

back

This is my country.

Too many have died in protecting my

pride

For me to go second class

We've survived the hard blow and I want

you to know

That you'll face us at last

And I know you will give consideration

Shall we perish unjust, or live equal as a

nation

This is my country.

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● BUILD ME UP, BUTTERCUP

(As recorded by the Foundations/Uni)

TONY MACAULAY

MICHAEL DABO

Why do you build me up

(Build me up) buttercup, baby

Just to let me down

(Let me down)

Miss me around and then worst

of all

(Worst of all)

You never call me baby when you say

you will

(Say you will)

But I love you still

I need you, (I need you)

More than anyone, darling

You know that I have from the start

So build me up (build me up)

buttercup

Don't break my heart.

I'll be over at ten

You tell me time and again

But you're late

I wait around and then I run to the

door

I can't take anymore, it's not you

You let me down again

Baby, baby try to find a little time

And I'll make you happy

I'll be home

I'll be beside the phone

waiting for you, oo oo.

(Repeat chorus).

To you I'm a toy

But I could be the boy you adore

If you just let me know

And though you're untrue I'm attracted to

you all the more

Why do I need you so

Baby try to find a little time

And I'll make you happy

I'll be home

I'll be beside the phone waiting for you

Don't break my heart.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN

(As recorded by Brooklyn Bridge/
Buddah)
JIM WEBB

Girl I heard you're getting married
Heard you're getting married
This time you're really sure
For this is the end
They say you really mean it
This guys the one that makes you feel
so safe, so sane and so secure

And baby if he loves you more than me
Maybe it's the best thing
Baby it's the best thing for you
But it's the worst that could happen to me.

I'll never get married
Never get married
You know that's not my scene
But a girl like you needs to be married
I know how long you could be left forever
inbetween.

Girl I don't really blame you
For having a dream of your own
Girl I don't really blame you
A woman like you needs a house and
a home

Baby if he really loves you more than me
Maybe it's the best thing
Baby it's the best thing for you
But it's the worst that could happen to me.

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•CAN I CHANGE MY MIND

(As recorded by Tyrone Davis/Dakar)
BARRY BESTENA
CARL WOLFOLK

She didn't bat an eye
As I packed my bags to leave
I thought she would start to cry

Sit around in my room with me
But the girl she fooled me this time
She acted like I was the last thing on her
mind

I would like to start all over again
Baby, can I change my mind

I just want to change my mind
Baby, let me change my mind
I took four steps toward the open door
Knowing all the time

Oh Lord, I just didn't want to go
But she didn't give me no sign
Nothing that would make me change my
mind

Oh I played my game many times before
But people let me tell y'all
Oh I never reached the door
But oh this went

The wind is out tonight
I keep looking back
But my baby's not in sight

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•OB—LA—DI, OB—LA—DA

(As recorded by Arthur Conley/Atco)
JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

Desmond has a barrow in the market
place
Molly is a singer with the band
Desmond said to Molly
Girl, I like your face
And Molly sings this as she takes him
by the hand.

Ob-la-di ob-la-da
Life goes on, yeah
La la la life goes on
Ob-la-di ob-la-da
Life goes on
La la la life goes on.

Desmond takes the trollie to the jewelry
store
Buys a 20 caret golden ring
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
And as he gives it to her she begins to
sing,
(Repeat chorus).

In a couple of years they have built a home
sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones.

Happy ever after in the market place
Desmond let's the children lend a hand

Molly stays at home and does her pretty
face
And in the evening she's a singer with the
band,
(Repeat chorus).

In a couple of years they have built a home
sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones
Happy ever after in the market place
Molly let's the children lend a hand

Desmond stays at home and does his pretty
face
And in the evening she still sings it with the
band,
(Repeat chorus).

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1780 Broadway, New York, New York

•ARE YOU HAPPY

(As recorded by Jerry Butler/Mercury)
GAMBLE
BELL
BUTLER

You're a very pretty girl
And all that's good
A lot of guys would love you if they
could
When you add up all the hugs
And every little kiss
Get down to the bottom line and try to
answer this
I wanna know are you happy
Tell me, tell me do you know how it feels
To have someone to love you for real.

You're a hip young man tryin' to
make it in the world
Messin' up the mind of a lot of little girls
Brother you got to face one fact
The heartache you give out
You're gonna get it all back
So are you happy
Tell me, tell me do you know how it feels
Are you really happy for real.

This is one thing you've got to learn
You never get love until you give it in
return

Are you happy
Hey tell me, tell me baby do you know
how it feels
I wanna know do you have somebody
to love you for real
Hey listen to what I say
Are you really happy.

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• STAND BY YOUR MAN

(As recorded by Tammy Wynette/Epic)

TAMMY WYNETTE and
BILLY SHERRILL

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman, giving
all your love to just one man,
You'll have bad times and he'll have good
times doin' things that you don't
understand.

But if you love him, you'll forgive him
even though he's hard to understand.
And if you love him oh, be proud of him,
'Cause after all he's just a man.

Stand by your man,
Give him two arms to cling to and some-
thing warm to come to when nights are
cold and lonely.
Stand by your man, and tell the world
you love him,

Keep giving all the love you can;
Stand by your man.
Stand by your man, and show the world
you love him.
Keep giving all the love you can;
Stand by your man.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

Joe Cocker's version of "A Little Help From My Friends," makes you laugh a little at first—oh no, not that old Vanilla Fudge thing again—but when you hear it all out, even the first time, the Cocker interpretation is a rather awesome experience. The arrangement is very complex, very careful and although extended, the improvisations are valid, nothing like 11-minute "Eleanor Rigby" by the Fudge.... Even though the jaunty "A Little Help..." seems at first hardly to lend itself to this kind of rumination, it turns out mournful and mystic, the heavy organ working well with a girl chorus who put the interrogative parts to Joe—it works like Ray Charles and the Raelets—and Cocker has a lot of the Charles style to his vocal: He sings this in the best "Let's Go Get Stoned" manner—though he hasn't quite got Ray's ability to glide up the high notes — In fact, he hardly does high notes at all, and I miss that. I mean, of course, you know when you're hearing this you aren't hearing Ray Charles — and you can't help thinking....how Ray would have done it.



People keep calling up radio stations, it seems, that have an "underground" segment and requesting "IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA." I think people who do it are either masochists or just fascinated with the idea of forcing a disc jockey to keep his mouth shut for 17 minutes, 5 seconds. Often, at some particularly inauspicious musical moment, I have felt like throwing my transistor radio off the sixth-floor balcony of my apartment, even though I know it is a destructive thought. This time, though, it wasn't the radio—By the time the Butterfly had made their way through the first ten minutes, throwing the radio seemed inadequate—I was ready to go all the way down myself; the only thing that stopped me was the thought of saving myself to write these words. If "IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA" is what the Underground wants to do to me, I think I'd rather listen to good old friendly Zits-Rock; in fact, there's a little satirical song currently on the circuit entitled "Bubble Gum Music" which makes the point very nicely....It's by a Philadelphia group with a name too long to mention, since it even includes their zip code. Please don't get me wrong—I find "Chewy Chewy" indigestible stuff—but it's beginning to be like that old commercial about trading a headache for an upset stomach; the underground rock movement started out very bravely....but from birth it has contained the seeds of its own destruction; mostly it amounts to a lack of self-discipline and a disregard for the spiritual needs of the audience. Underground jocks call this "heavy head music" and plaster it on thick, six and seven hours a night, but what they don't seem to be anticipating is that even a head can get too much heavy...Rock Backlash is coming...and ROSKO will fall.

But I see encouraging signs every day that Top-40 audiences are beginning to force up the caliber of commercial rock programming; the kids calling in their choices to Hitline All-Request Radio are asking for authentic-sounding blues like Canned Heat's "Going Up the Country," worthwhile topical songs like "Abraham, Martin and John" and "Love Child." When left to their own choice, they struggle out from under the gooey visceral barrage of some of these groups. If allowed to, I think they will continue until they have catalogued the functioning of the entire human digestive system....The Ohio Express and 1910 Fruitgum Company could become required listening for high school biology classes across the nation....So institutionalization will eventually kill them, as it is even now killing off their nemesis, Heavy Head Music. As Bob Dylan said in "My Back Pages;" "...fearing not I'd become my enemy in the instant that I preach...." And by death, of course, I mean not material failure, but the wasting of the soul....

But the kids are calling in, meanwhile, requesting "Julia", John Lennon's touching love song to the incarnate spirit of his mother, a record they can't even buy as a single.....and Judy Collins....the first time I ever have seen a single record from Elektra in the Murphy's dime-store line-up of 45's....Judy has given Elektra their first solid Top-40 hit single, "Both Sides Now." Of course, Judy has tried singles before ("Hard Lovin' Loser") and so has Elektra's Tom Rush, but never with the widespread popular success of their albums. Now you can hear Judy Collins singing Joni Mitchell's song on all kinds of heterogeneous radio stations, crossing Top-40, Underground, Folk Oriented, and even Cholesterol Cozy Listening lines.What makes it even more of a phenomenon is that three or four other versions of "Both Sides Now" (including one from Harpers Bizarre) had been released as singles—picking up the song from the Collins *Wildflowers* album, where it first appeared—and had met with a fair amount of success, in the months before Judy decided to bring out her 45.

This confirms two important things to me that I have suspected for a long time; one, that Judy Collins has the power within her to become perhaps the world's most popular creative female singer, if she wishes; and two, that Joni Mitchell has an equally bright future as a sensitive composer who could help refine the musical psyches of millions of people. I even think—though I'm not sure of it—that if Tom Rush were to release two Mitchell cuts—"The Circle Game" and "Tin Angel" from his latest album, he might have a similar wide success. From what I can hear of the new Judy Collins album, *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*, there's nothing commercial enough on it for single release....You know what I'd like to hear her do—I'd love to hear Judy record George Harrison's song "While My Guitar Gently Weeps"—my favorite song in the whole universe this week—(to borrow a phrase from Richie Havens).□

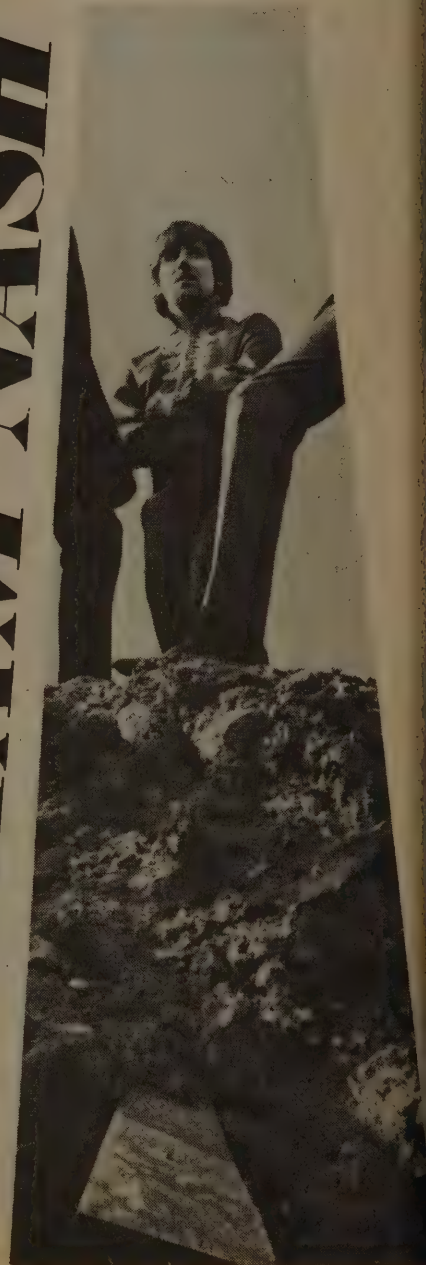
THE HOLLIES

Without

GRAHAM NASH



The Hollies are losing Graham Nash. He is leaving the group which has stayed at the top for six years, is one of Britain's most consistent hit-makers, and is currently No. 1 of the NME LP charts and has a top ten singles hit with "Listen To Men." Graham has been a founder-member of the group, formed



in late 1962, and often thought of as the leader.

The other four Hollies are relieved about Graham's departure. And Graham is happy to have made up his mind, finally, to go. So the parting is an amiable one. A bit sad, but inevitable.

Graham leaves the Hollies in December. But already the other four Hollies are recording an album without Graham.

I talked to Allan Clarke, who was speaking for the other Hollies - lead guitar Tony, bass Bern Calvert, and drummer Bobby Elliott, and himself. And I talked to Graham. What they told me made sense.

First of all, Allan. . . .

"Graham has been drifting away from us musically for some time now. It came to a head when four of us wanted to do an album of Bob Dylan songs. Graham didn't. He told us he would quit the group rather than do it, because he felt it was wrong. We accepted his resignation, because we felt it was right.

"We started recording without him. We did seven tracks in three days on what we call as a working title 'The Hollies Sing Bob Dylan,' which we hope will be as successful as our current No. 1 album.

"In Graham we are losing a good musician, singer, rhythm guitarist, spokesman, ideas man and friend. But we are gaining freedom to do what we feel will bring us our future success, to play and record songs we want to play and record.

"Also we will be able to tour, which we like doing, and entertain, which is our life. We are performers and feel we must perform.

"Graham was against touring. He wanted to be a songwriter not a performer.

"And he wanted us to do way-out songs on our records, which we were against. Graham's idea of a good song for us was 'King Midas In Reverse.' Our idea was 'Jennifer Eccles,' which he hated. It is obvious that Graham couldn't be happy with the rest of us, or us with Graham. We are sorry it has happened, but now that it has we have to make the best of it and continue to keep the Hollies on top."

Allan went on to say that there will be a replacement for Graham, but stressed that they are not looking for a carbon copy of Graham, but a rhythm guitarist-singer with his own personality and individuality.

"Our aim is to make the Hollies as an attractive and entertaining unit as possible," Allan said. "We have been striving after this for quite a while, and gaining considerable success judging by our receptions in Sweden, Finland, Yugoslavia, Holland and many other places we've played during the year."

Another freedom Allan will now have is to allow other artists to sing his compositions. "Before I used to keep any songs

I wrote for the Hollies, but now we are offering them to others. Gordon Waller has recorded one of my songs, 'My Life Is Over With You,' and this is the first song I have had recorded by another artist." Allan told me, adding quickly "But I won't let my songwriting interfere with our performing."

So Hollies-fans can look forward to seeing them more often in the future. And to being able to buy more of those easy on-the-car, swinging, catchy and tuneful numbers they have been giving us on records for five years now.

Good luck to them. The Hollies group is a credit to the British recording industry.

It was a big decision for Graham Nash to resign from the Hollies. For one thing, he is giving up a financial gold-mine, even though he is taking with him what he terms "a lot of bread" from his five years of top earnings.

But he feels he must have his freedom to do what he wants to do in the future. This is what he told me:

"We've been through so much together it will be strange not being a Holly any more. But I have lots of ideas to work out. And my musical difference with the group was getting wider.

"This Bob Dylan LP was bad, in my opinion, because the Hollies sound is not enough for it. We argued about it and got nowhere.

"The songs I'm writing are not commercial enough for the Hollies. It's true 'King Midas' was me and the other four were 'Jennifer Eccles.' The rift started a year ago.

"Another bone of contention was our music company, Galto (Graham, Allan and Tony). If I wrote a song, the three of us got the credit. If two wrote it, the other one got the credit, too. That was okay as long as we were all writing, but I found I was writing most of the songs and the other two were getting equal credit.

"I didn't want to share three ways any more and that had to come to a head.

"Actually, I feel I am losing nothing by leaving the Hollies, but gaining a great deal - my freedom to do what I want.

"I shall go to America and sing with some of my friends. No, not for recording just for pleasure and experimentation. No, not Mama Cass. Just some friends.

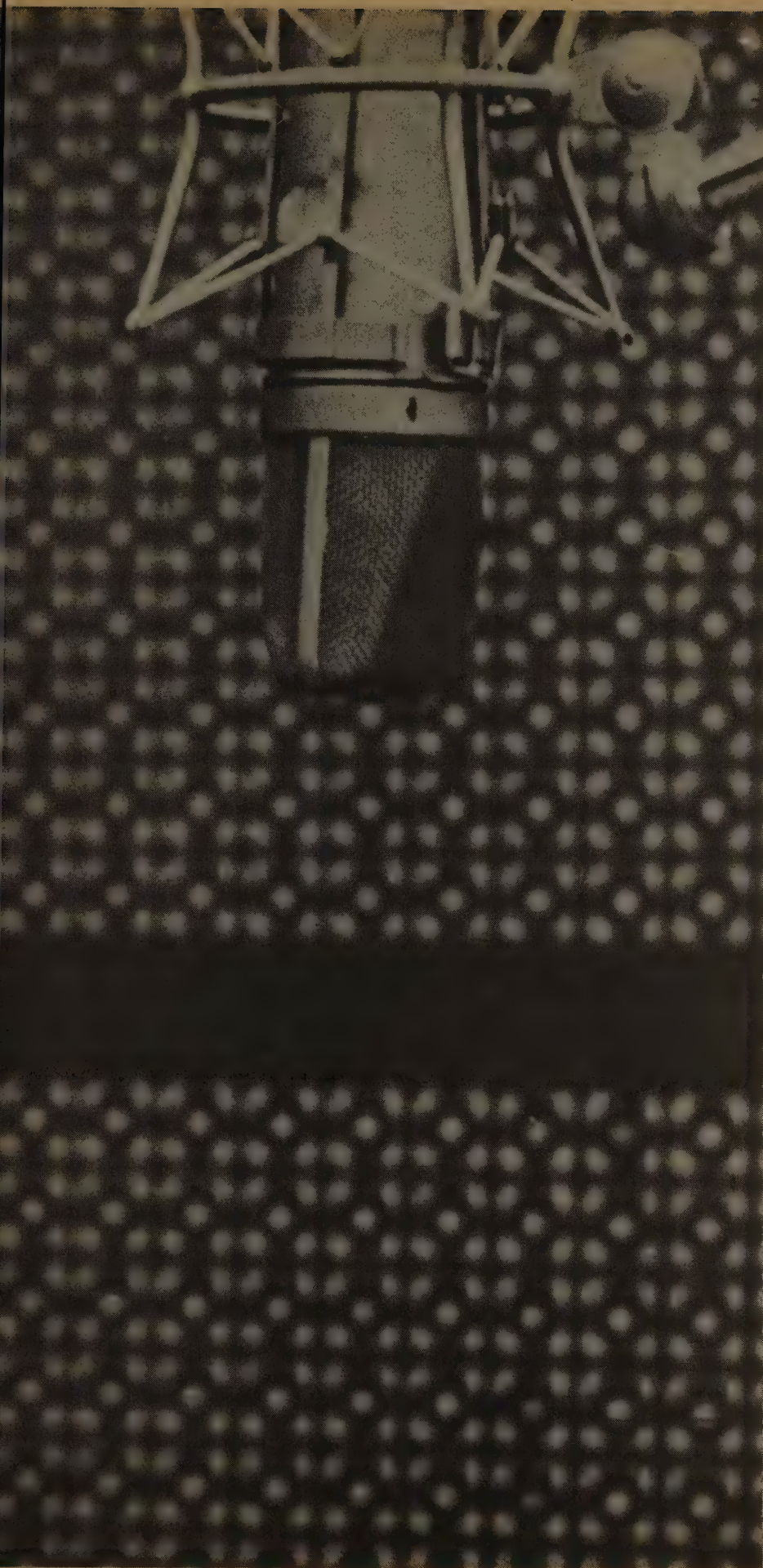
"I have two more shows to do with the Hollies.

"Then I go my way as a solo singer and songwriter. I've made enough bread not to have to earn money for a while. During this period of not working I'll work out the plans in my mind."

Graham Nash has done a great deal for the British pop industry, too, and all his friends wish him luck in his future career. □andy gray







BUFFY

Not long ago, somebody or other asked me the following question--"Who do you like better, Buffy Sainte-Marie, or Judy Collins?" I was torn between being highly flattered that anyone would even consider asking my opinion on a musical matter -- and being shocked at the very idea of finding a liking for the music of one of these magnificent women exclusive of, or in any way comparable to, liking the music of the other...It is an idea of mischievous irrelevance. I don't know how it is in your community, but here in my neighborhood, whenever the young church-coffeehouse folksinger girls are boasting who they can sing better than, it usually turns out to be Buffy Sainte-Marie -- I actually heard a girl say this -- that she could sing better than Buffy.....As though Buffy Sainte-Marie were nothing but a vocalist when, in truth, technical perfection, or lack of it, is the least of what Buffy does. Although Judy Collins' album, *Wildflowers*, is a close favorite of mine,

and probably one of the world's great musical achievements ever, a rare artistic soul-meeting with the recording technique it took me at least a month of listening to get into it to the point where it had meaning for me on anything but an aesthetic level: To fully appreciate what is being communicated on that album, you have to know an awful lot in the first place. What Ellen Sander once said about the Incredible String Band applies well to *Wildflowers* you have to meet Judy halfway.

On the other hand, you can put Buffy Sainte-Marie's album, *I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again*, on your record player--and if you are anything like me, you will be bawling within three minutes. "Now That the Buffalo's Gone," is not subtle, nor probably even hip. It is raw emotion, but raw only in the sense that it is clean from the heart, no games and no tricks, in the concept or the rendering. Those of you who saw a movie called *Warrendale* know the feeling of perfect shock in identification you can get from the untricked, sincere communications of troubled souls; Buffy's finest asset is her absolutely pure sincerity toward her material. He unabashed simplicity. If there were even a slight note of hypocrisy in her sentiments, the whole structure of a song like "Now That the Buffalo's Gone" or "Welcome, Welcome Emigrant," or "The Universal Soldier" would tumble.....and these songs continue to stand up freshly, some of them after five or six years of almost constant exposure and, like "Cod'ine" and "Until It's Time For You To Go," a remarkable amount of cross-recording by all sorts of diverse people and groups. The real test of one of Buffy's songs is when you hear it produced indifferently, sung by a bland performer, and stuck in the midst of a lot of banal jive written by the king of songhacks who usually create the themesongs for second-feature drive-in movies.....and still, the voice of Buffy Sainte-Marie exerts its spiritual influence, cutting through the whole mess with its clean scent of Georgia pines....and not like that pine-scented stuff you buy in the bottle, either; this is uncorked cleanness.

On the liner notes of the *Country Girl* album, under a heading entitled 'Critics Accolade' appears this quote from O. B. Brummell of *High Fidelity Magazine*: "...A poet singer in the stamp of the ancient *trouveres*....." --Looking back in my Dictionary of French Literature, I see that the *trouveres* were poets of Northern France during the 14th and 15th centuries, whose preferred themes were lyric and satiric. My Dictionary also mentions the *troubadors*, who were poets and singers of Southern France, who would

go from castle to castle in the 13th and 14th centuries, "singing the perennial theme of love." Buffy would probably fit the latter category better, for she is too emphatically, empathically at one with her subject matter to be called a satirist. To find a minstrel in 20th century U. S. A., recalling these ancient modes would be unusual enough, but make it a woman--and add an element of social concern and the expressiveness to communicate that concern potent enough to move to tears even such ordinarily crass people as Top-40 disc jockeys--(I've heard this happen with "Now That The Buffalo's Gone")--and, though her thing isn't dangerously psychedelic, it's a kind of super No-Doz, that get you thinking about the whole concept of sleepiness vs. awakensness----It is quite remarkable--and--everyone in the world is unique--But Buffy is one of the few people who has been able to open up the uniqueness of her soul, and compounded that with a love of her brothers, both in and out of her own ethnic group, which is Cree Indian.....And you can bet if she sings some injustice is being done to the Indian tribes of today--and says it with the urgency that she says it in "Now That the Buffalo's Gone"--well, you can just bet it's true.

It makes you want to go right out and do something about it, like the hardy Spanish-Americans with their DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES signs, plodding tirelessly back and forth in front of the Safeways and A&P's, passing out little leaflets. "Now, remember, don't buy the grapes, O.K.?" they say softly, half-smiling, almost jokingly. But we all know the plight of these minority peoples is no joke, at least I hope we do. Probably, if you get interested in the neglect of the Indian through Buffy's songs, you would get better information on how to go about helping from writing to the fan club address given on the back of her album, than from the U. S. Government Bureau of Indian Affairs. As a matter of fact, Buffy has been something of a one-girl Bureau of Indian Affairs during the years of her success. In a year when pop stars have decided to make a big deal out of Remembering Their Roots, Buffy Sainte-Marie is one who has never forgotten that she is of "These Ones," and she has been consistently moving about it, never boring, and she has never forgotten to address you politely, "dear lady" and "dear man", while drawing your attention to some very great wrongs which exist.

With all her immersion in social problems, Buffy has never slighted the musical-values side of her work.

The album, *I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again* is dedicated to--and with--a minority group that has been far from neglected lately: The Country Music Ghetto of Nashville, Tennessee. We all know that nearly every pop artist in the U. S. A.-- and from outside it, too--who has any pretensions whatever toward Country Music--has sidled down there to record...the obligatory..... living-tribute-to-Nashville record album--However, (even Bob Dylan) they were all sympathetic strangers adopting, temporarily, the "poor immigrant" for more or less sentimental and financial reasons.

Buffy, though, isn't one to say "tsk-tsk." She could never have written a song called "I Pity the Poor Immigrant." Or wanted to. She might write a song called "He's a Pretty Good Man, If You Ask Me," or "A Soulful Shade of Blue," which she has. When Buffy sings "Take My Hand for Awhile," welcome ghosts of Patsy Cline materialize; or, with other cuts on the album, you might well be listening to Kitty Wells, or Skeeter Davis, or Tammy Wynette. It not only sounds like hill-billy music, it is hillbilly music, nothing metaphorical about it. Buffy Sainte-Marie is no Vanguard Record Archivist digging the Nashville Sound Scene because she thinks she ought to. Her Nashville songs are probably worthy of The Grand Ole Opry. She's of it, it's of her; in fact, I don't know how many country artists have recorded Buffy's Nashville songs, but the other morning I turned on my radio to a local country station, WDON in Wheaton, Maryland, and the first thing I heard was George Hamilton IV singing "Take My Hand For Awhile" (and very nicely, too), and what's more, it was a Pick Hit to Click, or something like that. I refuse to surrender Buffy to the stuffiness of Fake-Folk people, because she belongs right here at the center of today's glorious, or inglorious, pop pinwheel.

And also, about that voice--While the famous zithery vibrato isn't the world's smoothest, you've got to keep in mind that Buffy isn't trying to sell peanut butter; nor is she trying to put you to sleep: She's trying to wake you up! Get up out of your drugged stupor, talented little Coffeehouse habitués--Get out your dictionaries and pray awhile; then get out your Buffy Sainte-Marie albums and listen awhile, and then let me hear you try and sing "Now That the Buffalo's Gone," and if you can do it with anything like Buffy's dramatic tensility, conviction and laser-like truth, then I recommend all of you should get together and stage a concert for the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. □ Brigitta



Life With **THE IMPRESSIONS**

I've been singing since I was eight years old and it was just the natural thing to do. In 1950, I sang with my cousins in Chicago and we had a gospel group called the Northern Jubilees. The group was made up of myself, three cousins and Jerry Butler.

We sang in the Traveling Soul Spiritualist Church Where my grandmother was the minister. We did a lot of traveling too - Shreveport, Louisiana,



Tampa, Florida, Columbus, Ohio and Detroit, Michigan.

I can remember even before that we had an old victrola and I had to stand up on a box to put records on. I loved music by gospel groups like the Soul Stirrers and the Dixie Hummingbirds. I heard strictly Negro gospel music in those early years. I never intended to make music my life. It all just happened like it was meant to be. Somebody just laid it out and I walked along. I've always been very shy to face a lot of people and I was never even in the Chicago Regal Theatre until I sang there professionally.

I was always able to put words together and write little songs. I even wrote gospel songs way back but I can't remember any of them. Actually I wanted to be an artist, a painter, at one time. I decided against that when I discovered that painters aren't famous until they've been dead for a hundred years. So that was wiped out. Then I wanted to be a scientist but I never made it at mathematics.

All along though, I was able to sing

and play a little piano and guitar. But I never took it serious because it just seemed natural. Music just happened, so I never recognized any big potential there.

I heard a little bit of the Ravens and the Orioles after a while and I can remember some songs by the Clovers. I enjoyed it very much when I heard it yet it was still no big thing to me. Back then both the gospel and popular vocal groups had very simple harmony. It was easy for me to understand the changes and voicing in the pop songs because I was doing it all the time in church. Some of the pop things were even simpler than church music.

Most of the old gospel groups sang acapella with just a bass drum for a backbeat. It was just beautiful. I still like the old groups the best. Today they get a little too jazzy. Even now, I listen to an old gospel group and the voices seem to stand all by themselves. It doesn't need any arrangement around it at all. The voices were so close and tight and simple. It couldn't be done any better today. Even a big arrangement would hurt it rather than help it.

I sang strictly gospel for a number of years and in the places we sang, all the other groups would be gospel too. Sometimes a woman might get up who had a trained operatic voice and sing a spiritual, but that was it. We worked many times with the Soul Stirrers who featured Sam Cooke at the time. He was from Chicago too. We also worked with a group that featured the now famous blues singer Little Johnny Taylor.

As I got older I heard different kinds of music and found out what girls are all about. That's when I wanted to hear rhythm and blues music. People in the church don't really approve of rhythm and blues but it didn't bother me any. At the time I didn't like the idea of a group singing both types of music though.

I was always picking things out on a guitar. I write songs with my guitar. My playing has a lot of gospel in it but it's not like Pop Staples of the Staple Singers who plays real gospel guitar with a style all his own. I do little figurations to make it sound that way. I also use a bit of reverb in my amplifier but Pops has a very dominant

reverb sound. Pop's the only guy that plays like that.

I picked up guitar when I was about 12 or 13. I didn't even know how to tune it the right way, but I managed a few songs. I just knew three chords at first, but the more I played the better I got. I tuned to an F sharp open string chord and I still do today, although I know the correct way.

Around 1955, I got into rhythm and blues and rock and roll. I started to like all kinds of music, even classical but especially I loved the Coasters. We started a group called the Alphas and learned all the songs. I took the tenor part. We'd get together in school and head down to the men's room to harmonize. We sang wherever we could. A big empty basement or hallway was good for singing too because there was lots of echo. One day the teacher came into the men's room and heard us. He liked us and asked us to sing at an assembly. So we were discovered. Nothing inspired us more than being a smash at the school. We practiced all the time and appeared in front of people more and more.

The doo wop groups were popular because they were very simple to understand. Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers just had to go over. All the kids could sing right along with them and even did the harmony parts. The doo wop groups failed because they weren't professional enough to compete and change with the times. The Moonglows on the other hand, were very advanced for their day. Their records still sound good.

There were lots of singing groups that sang on street corners in Chicago. We used to do that too but we developed a sound that was tight and intriguing, very close to gospel. When we hit the streets we left the doo wops in the closet. Most kids come up that way. The ones that get their learning in school usually turn out to be teachers and not artists.

I also found that I didn't lose faith in God by going commercial. People wanted to pay to hear us sing and it was a whole lot better than washing cars and going to church every Sunday.

The Chicago singing groups like the Spaniels, "You Painted Pictures", and the Dells really knocked me out, but I'd say the Coasters were my biggest inspiration.

We worked together for three years just the voices and my guitar, and when we decided we were professional enough we wanted the big time. We wanted to record. We ran around to a bunch of record companies with a song and finally Veejay liked us. We cut "For Your Precious Love" and it made Jerry Butler.

For a little while, Jerry hired me as his guitar player after he left the group, but I left him to get the group going again.

We were back where we started and I decided to tighten up and do it right. I also got to play a lot of guitar, and do my songs the way I wanted. We did a few songs for Veejay but nothing came of them. This was getting to be toward the end of the big singing groups. I can remember working shows with the Flamingoes, and Harvey Fuqua had reorganized the Moonglows for some shows. Harvey's new Moonglows had Marvin Gaye singing harmony. We worked a lot with the Coasters and the Drifters too.

Those groups died out because they couldn't change with the times. I was always aware that things would have to change. You can't play simple music like that any more. I remember submitting my songs to producers some years back and they wouldn't take them because they were too complicated. I wrote "Gypsy Woman" for Dee Clark but his producer turned it down. Later on we cut it as the Impressions for ABC Records and it was our first big record.

Now the audience has matured right along with the growth of the music. You can't just do a vocal group with rhythm and a sax solo. It has to be very classy now.

The things we cut for Veejay were head sessions. We just played it by ear. On "For Your Precious Love", I played guitar and everybody followed me. It was as simple as that and it came out beautiful. We can't do that any more unless we're just a small group for rhythm. When I did "Gypsy Woman" I had to get a guy to write charts for the french horn and the other instruments, because they were just studio musicians. It's not good economics to do head sessions when you've never even seen the musicians before. I need an arranger now.

I met our arranger, Johnny Pate, way back. He played bass on our Veejay sessions and then he got work as an arranger. He arranges for B.B. King too.

In my early days, even the early Impressions, I had very little exposure to white music. Everything I heard was Negro. Even Veejay records was all Negro from the owner of the company all the way down. All the Negro groups had their own rhythm and blues circuit in those days. If you were rock and roll, you were on a white circuit. People like Little Richard and Chuck Berry broke that wide

open. I'm just starting to get into a white bag.

When I got interested in guitar, I started listening closely to Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter and Jimmy Reed. I wanted an electric guitar because it looked beautiful. All those knobs, and you put the plug in an amplifier, and the sound. It was quite a step up from my Roy Rogers guitar.

I copied things my own way from the blues guitarists and the singing group songs and I played it all on this F sharp tuning. I discovered that tuning one day when I was playing a boogie woogie thing on the piano. I'd just seen Sugar Child Robinson playing boogie piano in a movie and I was trying to figure it out. I tuned the guitar strings to the piano chords. I still use that because it's me, the way I started off. If I went by the book it wouldn't be me any more. Besides there aren't any records being made by the book any more. There's no rule that says you need 8 bars here, a 16 bar middle and then out with 8 bars. That's not where it's at.

I'm not a musician. I couldn't play guitar for somebody else unless I wrote the tune or I knew it very well. I've done a little session work though. I played guitar on a Jimmy Reed side and also most of the things I wrote for other singers like Major Lance, Gene Chandler, Jan Bradley, The Fascinations, 5 Steps, Dee Clark, Walter Jackson. At one time I produced things for the Okeh label.

There were very few white people in our audiences in the beginning. We did a lot of work in the south and only a few whites would come in. The Negroes would be out on the floor dancing or listening and the whites would be up in the balcony watching. We didn't play the north too much. There's only a few Negro theatres like the Apollo in New York, the Royal in Baltimore, the Uptown in Philadelphia, the Howard in Washington and the Regal in Chicago. That's a pretty small circuit.

It got more integrated when Elvis and Chuck Berry hit. All the colored acts followed up behind them. Also everybody discovered that rhythm and blues made money. That opened a lot of doors. Then Atlantic Records influenced the whole country which got all the record companies to sign Negro musicians. Today, if you're good then you'll draw a crowd. Color doesn't matter.

Now we've left ABC Records and I set up my own record label called Curtom. We'll be on it and I'm also recording other people for Curtom, like the 5 Steps, Major Lance, L.C. Cooke and June Conquest. □

An Interview With

H: Are you sort of beyond the Apollo thing now?

Martha: No, we're just going into another field. We're widening the variety of our audiences. It makes the business more interesting and much more exciting. We're not above the Apollo. In fact, we're going in to the Uptown in Philadelphia as soon as we finish the Copa. We'll still be doing colleges and one-nighters.

HP: How did you break into that kind of a circuit?

Martha: We started off just playing R&B circuits and then found that our audiences had grown because of the soul revolution I guess. Now everyone wants to hear it. I think the Supremes opened a lot of doors in that respect. Their music is not as rhythm and bluesy as ours but people who dig them want to hear us too.

HP: Where were you educated? You don't have any accent at all.

Martha: My parents are from the South. I was born in the South and moved to Detroit when I was 11 months old. I went to the local east side high school and that's all the education I had.

HP: Were you raised in a ghetto area?

Martha: Yes. I came from a family of 11. I have six brothers and four sisters. I'm the oldest sister. I think anyone who didn't grow up in a ghetto or that type of surrounding lost a lot in their communicating with people. You get to learn to understand a lot of reasons for different people and their actions.

HP: Was it mainly a Southern ghetto?

Martha: You couldn't say it was mainly a Southern ghetto because

there were quite a few people who were born and raised right in Detroit.

HP: Is your accent typical of a Detroit accent?

Martha: No. I think my accent is a combination of all the places I've been to. Like most people I pick up different ways of speaking from different places. For instance, when I was in England, I came back trying to be blimey. That would be funny to hear. If you go to the South, you pick up a drawl. It's very easy to do. My favorite accent is Brooklyn.

HP: Didn't you start out singing vocal background?

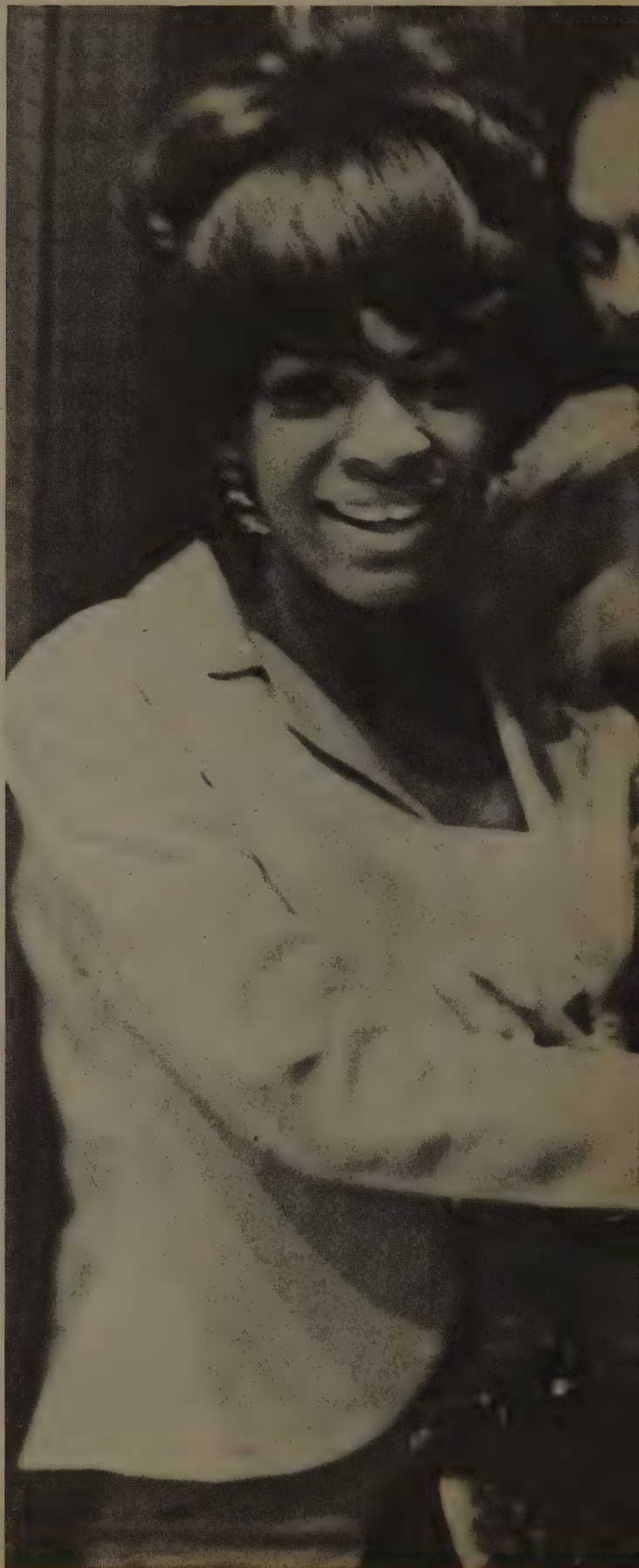
Martha: I started out as a single singer working at neighborhood clubs in Detroit. From that I went into our group and after that we went into background. Through a job at Motown as a secretary, we went into our own ground. I was always the leader of the group.

HP: How did you get into the Motown thing?

Martha: I had a job there as A&R secretary for about eight months. My job consisted of interviewing people, making demos for other artists, etc. At that time I really wanted to get into Motown because it was so exciting. It was just getting turned on. The Miracles were just making it along with Marvin Johnson, the Marvelettes and quite a few others. I just wanted to belong. It seemed like something that was the right thing to do.

HP: What was your very first experience there as an artist?

Martha: I went in for a singing audition before I got the secretary job. I figured I'd get in one way or the other. I worked as a secretary



MARTHA REEVES



for eight months and then I got into a back up group for Marvin Gaye and Mary Wells and filled in for one of the Marvelettes when she was sick. Right from the first back up group we were known as Martha and the Vandellas. My boss was William Stevenson and he thought I had some talent so he asked me to come in some evening to make a dub. He's Kim Weston's husband, but he's no longer with Motown.

One day I wrote a song and I played it for Stevenson on the piano. We recorded it the next day. It was called "I'll Have To Let Him Go," and it sold about four copies.

troit. He's on all the Motown sessions. Benny Benjamin plays drums, Earl Van Dyke plays piano and organ on most of the sessions.

HP: Did you ever have to learn a song right on the recording session?

Martha: Sometimes I do. Once, I only had 15 minutes to learn the song. While I was on the road the whole instrumental track was recorded and I had to put my voice on tape by listening to the instrumental. I had never heard the song before.

HP: Does Motown have recording sessions everyday?

Martha: Oh yes. In fact, there were so many we had to build another studio. Now there are two studios always in use.

HP: What would happen if a Martha and the Vandellas vocal was put on top of a Stax instrumental track?

Martha: Oh that Memphis sound is beautiful, but I couldn't see us working together. It's very different from Motown.

HP: How would you describe the difference?

Martha: Memphis has a bass drum, and bass guitar beat. Motown is built from a bass sound but it takes in much more on the top. There's a lot more elaboration in the Motown sound. Also, Motown has a shuffle beat and the Memphis beat is different.

HP: Where do you live now?

Martha: I own a duplex apartment in Detroit and I live with my sister Lois. I never get to live there too often though because I actually haven't had a vacation in six years. □jim delehant



HP: Did Stevenson handle the sessions?

Martha: He did our first couple of sessions but Holland, Dozier and Holland did "Come and Get These Memories," our first big one. They liked our sound and felt the song fit us.

HP: How did they present the song to you?

Martha: They played the piano and sang it until we learned it and we had the session the next day.

HP: Do you travel with your own band?

Martha: Yes, we have a regular rhythm trio. It's very important for our sound. On tours we pick up musicians to make up a larger band. They'll be supplied by the local unions wherever we play.

HP: Is the basic trio on your records too?

Martha: No. We use the regular staff musicians. We use James Jamison on bass who lives in De-



I Like **BING** **CROSBY** *Says* **BOB** **HITE**

H: You seem to play mostly arranged material even onstage.

Hite: You don't necessarily have to be freaking out to blow your mind. You can play a very tightly arranged thing and get off so beautifully behind that — you don't have to leave the audience behind. I think 90% of the rock and roll bands today could blow a lot more minds if they would speak to the audience. The whole scene — they don't even call it show business, but it really is. If you're in a rock and roll band and you've got a record out and you're making money, you're in a thing called show business. The bands are forgetting that lately. They mumble through the lyrics. You've got to rap it to an audience, put on a show for them. You're there to entertain them not just jive.

HP: Lately I've seen bands just stand around and dump on an audience all evening long. I saw a set that I couldn't believe. The audience was just embracing this group and all of a sudden they said: "this here is something new we've cooked up. It's kind of sophisticated and it has a lot of electronic stuff in it so anyone who wants to leave can go now..." I couldn't get over that, couldn't make that attitude at all. It would be different if the audience was giving them a hard time, but they were just loving them, it was a totally egotistical thing.

Hite: Where did this happen?

HP: At the Fillmore East.

Hite: A lot of groups get a disease, the disease that destroys all groups. The dreaded ego disease. That's one thing that's been drummed into the heads of every member of this band. We've been able to avoid it.

Well, I guess ego shows in some things. Like we'll get a limousine to bring us back from the airport. And people say "wow, look at them, they have a hit record and now they're not freaks anymore." But when you get into that tax bracket you've got to spend some of it for expenses. What would it cost for a cab to bring 8 people from the airport? A limousine is about the same.

But the ego thing, it's a bad thing. All of a sudden nobody's going to go over to the radio station any more and talk to the deejays.

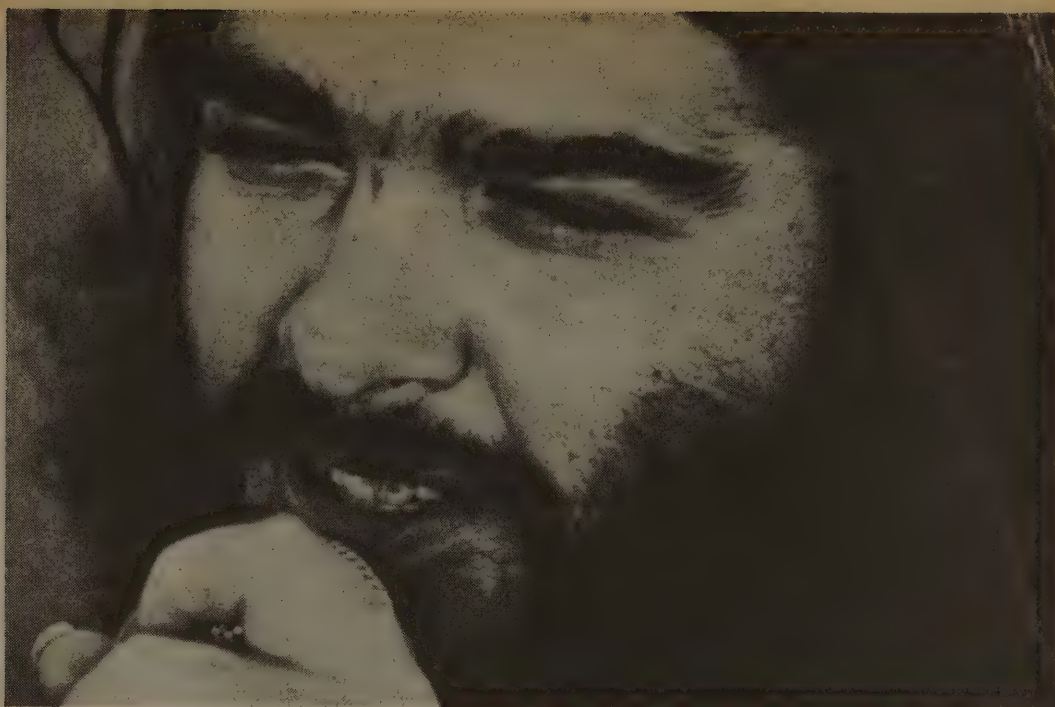
There's a lot of groups that won't do things like that anymore. It just gets into their hands and destroys them.

I heard today that Hendrix broke up. It just blew my mind. That tears me up. The Cream, too. It's got to be something wrong with their heads.

If you can't get together as a family what good are you. That's another key, I think. You've got to be like a family. Look at the Beatles. They've proven a family trip works — they're still together.

HP: I see what you mean. There was a time when the Stones weren't together. It was just before they stopped touring and you could tell they were just on each others' nerves.

Hite: Touring is so difficult. When you live together it's just so hard to be with each other. The pressure. Now we don't tour on the road for more than 15 days at a time. Because you can just be together so long. Some of the guys are married and have their old ladies back home and they miss them. The traveling, the errands — after a month you've had it with each other, the groupies, the business people, you've had it. And once it really gets to your head the music starts to suffer. You start snapping at each other, arguing, getting on each other's nerves and you need a rest. Our manager has to watch that very closely so the group doesn't overwork themselves. Look



how much Hendrix is on the road. He's off for 40 days around the country -- it's bad, it's impossible.

HP: I can see where it's hard. On one hand you're in show biz, but you're not really protected by the things that protect people in other areas of show business. You're much more accessible and also more vulnerable because you're closer to your audience. That's probably why girl groups can't make it. Girls are just not up to that tough a life.

Hite: The black girl groups do. The Shirelles and the Supremes--

HP: Yeh, but somehow the black entertainers have more stamina. They have to, it's so much harder for them to gain acceptance.

Hite: Yes but, you know, there's never been a girl group that could get off on the guitar. Somewhere in the world there's probably a chick that can do it but darn if I've ever seen it.

On TV the other day I saw a rock band where all the kids were no more than 7 or 8 years old. There was a drummer, sax, trumpet, electric piano. They were too much. And of course they sang. They were on some Variety Show. Great kids. By the time they're teenagers they're really going to be heavy.

HP: They're into hard rock? That's amazing for 7 and 8 year olds. I never really listened to rock and roll until I was about 20. I hated

it as a teenager. I thought it was crummy music. I listened to classical and a lot of blues because I was heavy into folk music.

Hite: Me too. I listened to R&B. The Clovers and the Drifters and the Swallows and things like that. **HP:** I remember when I was in Jr. High School, that was when Elvis was a star. And I just couldn't stand him.

Hite: I didn't dig Elvis until later too and I didn't dig the new albums at all. I like the old ones, the rockabilly stuff on Sunn. Those were the really groovy records he made. I didn't dig them then, though, because the stations I listened to didn't play them. That was when rock and roll and rhythm and blues were totally segregated. I was listening to R&B before there was rock and roll. It wasn't on 24 hours a day, either. I stayed home from school because there was this R&B show from 1 to 3. And then nothing until 6. Then from six to four in the morning there was this rhythm and blues show. It was this little funky station that I could barely get. I was hip to rock and roll but I just couldn't make it. That Frankie Avalon, Fabian stuff, I just couldn't take that. Annette Funicello --- oh. It was really wierd. The Presley era, that was '55 and '56, with Bill Haley and Gene Vincent. That was rockabilly. But when rigor mortis finally set in, that was when Fabian was a star and Paul Anka and Dion. Then there was surf music. That pushed it all up. Pow.

The rock and roll instrumentals. The Fireballs doing Tor-Kay, The Caterpillar Crawl by the Strangers and the Beach Boys came along and there was the surf music craze. And Jan And Dean were stars. Remember all those records? Brian Highland and the Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini. Dodie Stevens with Tan Shoes and Pink Shoe Laces, Connie Francis-- whew. '58 was a good year for Rock and Roll. It mellowed down a little bit and some R&B slipped through like You Cheated by the Shields and Little Star by the Elegants.

HP: I assume you have all those records. Your record collection is legend.

Hite: I was just in Jackson, Mississippi a week ago. I went to a warehouse and went through about 80,000 records. I pulled about 200 for my collection. They weren't stacked or anything, just thrown all over the place. You had to walk on them to get them. I collect old rock and roll records, R&B, jazz and blues records. I'm still a blues freak though. I can't get away from it. I breathe it. I've got all those old blues records, that's about all I play.

I like Bing Crosby a lot, his old records, the ones he made between '26 and '34 when he was a star. I was brought up on swing records. My mother and dad both played in bands so I got into Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey a lot.

HP: But you don't have horns in your band.

Hite: No, but we use them on the sessions. We all feel that the record trip is just a different thing from playing gigs. When you're recording you're doing your thing with millions of dollars of equipment and budget. Why not freak out with it? Why not create something different than you would live.

HP: You don't feel that a record should represent you live?

Hite: There's no way you could capture our band live. Unless we recorded live.

HP: Well, that's an art in itself. Not recording live in performance but recording in complete takes.

HP: But the ones that are live are somehow just so much more exciting.

Hite: There's two tracks on our new album, Living The Blues, that we cut live. Someday we'll meet again and you tell me which ones they were. I really think it would be pretty hard to tell.

So many live albums, so called live albums are frauds. Have you heard the Otis Redding Live in Europe album. Boy, it makes me sick! It's not live at all. When he says "thank you" into the microphone it's in a totally different voice. If he were singing through that same P.A. system, the album would have sounded like that voice. So much for so called live albums. □ellen sander.

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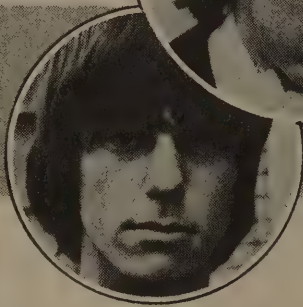
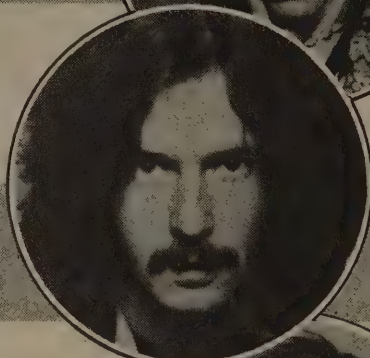
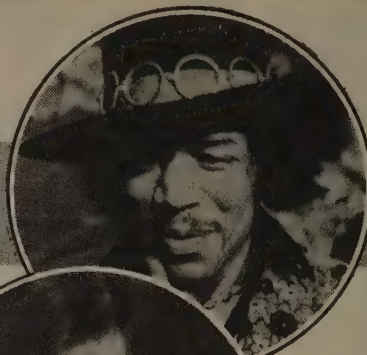
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Don't Call Me A Blues Singer JOHNNY TAYLOR

I was born in 1937, in West Memphis, Arkansas and raised in Kansas City, Missouri and Chicago. I grew up singing gospel music and when I moved to Chicago, I met Sam Cooke who was then in a gospel group called the Soul Stirrers. I joined a group called the Highway QC's. I was just a teenager then.

As a boy, I did a lot of traveling around with different ministers, but, I left Arkansas when I was very young. My father was a minister in Arkansas and now he has a church in Battle Creek, Michigan. At the time, gospel music was my absolute favorite but I heard a lot of other music on the radio. My father never stood in my way as far as music went. He didn't mind my switching to popular music. I didn't have a phonograph back then because they were hard to come by. I listened to the radio a lot. I heard a lot of people like Sonny Boy Williamson and Jr. Parker.

I left Arkansas when I was 15 and I took a job in a chemical plant, but singing was my first love. I was a little scared to leave but I was very determined to make it. I had my eyes on Chicago because there was a lot of music there. In Cleveland I sang gospel for a while but the group wasn't big enough to sing full time. I didn't go for that at all so I headed for Chicago. After I lived in Chicago for a while, I was in a group called the Five Echoes my first real popular mu-

sic experience. We recorded for the Vee Jay label and we did some traveling on shows with people like The Spaniels, the Flamingoes, the Moon-glows, Billy Ward and the Dominoes, Ray Charles. We were strictly a vocal group. We'd only use a couple of instruments from the house band to back us up. Just about all of those singing groups and soul singers came out of church music.

The Negro vocal group is probably the most traditional entertainment in America. It goes way, way back. There have been very few changes. Today, it's just gospel music with a band and changes in the lyrics. Before you start making money, that traditional of feeling is the only thing you have. I know this music comes from Africa but I never felt that. I felt the music that was near me very strongly. I learned by listening to traditional singers like Archie Brownley, the Blind Boys, Carlo Turner, the Pilgrim Travelers, Soul Stirrers and Sam Cooke. They had a huge influence on me.

I heard very little white music when I was young and what I did hear didn't do much to me. It was probably country and western music and I didn't understand it. Now, some of my favorite pop singers are Tony Bennett, Pat Boone, Andy Williams and Frank Sinatra. In blues, B.B. King and Bobby Bland are my favorites.

During the ten years I lived in Chicago, I was also with the Soul Stirrers,



a big gospel group that played places like Carnegie Hall and Madison Square Garden. We'd go on with Mahalia Jackson. Sam Cooke left the Soul Stirrers and he suggested that I replace him. In 1960, I made the move to go on my own. Sam Cooke got me on his Sar label. From Chicago I went to Kansas City and then Los Angeles where I lived for three years.

Actually the blues thing is a more recent development for me. When I went off on my own I was singing popular songs like "Rome Wasn't Built In A Day" and "Never". I was very close to Sam Cooke. In fact, I got to sounding so much like Sam that I had to force myself to change my style. When I joined the Soul Stirrers they needed a voice just like Sam's. I really had to work at changing. I got into this blues thing but I didn't want to be labeled as a blues singer. I wanna be able to sing all kinds of songs. My new album on Stax covers a lot of ground - pop songs, blues, uptempo things and ballads.

I always feel happy when I'm singing even if it happens to be a sad song. The things I sing about haven't necessarily happened to me or maybe they happened a long time ago. I started out in this business very young so a lot of things have gone down and I can pretty much stay apart from what I'm singing about. I consider myself an interpreter. One of my favorite songs that I recorded is "I've Got To

Love Somebody's Baby". Now that's a sad song but to me it's a situation that happens every day so there's no point in being sad about it. There's no way you're gonna change it but I interpret it the way somebody might feel if they were caught up in it.

When I'm not working, I like to spend my time reading, playing golf, I like to shoot pool, I love to read early American history. I was on a metaphysics kick for a while and I also like to read psychology.

I noticed that a lot of rhythm and blues is getting a latin feel in the rhythm. I can't do that because I don't feel it. That's probably happening because a lot of latin people are buying soul records. It doesn't have anything to do with race or background. All people have feeling or soul. Everybody digs the message and, of course, everybody wants to dance. Everybody is doing the same kind of dances.

Please don't bag me as a blues singer. Bobby Bland and B.B. King are always telling me to stick with the blues. They tell me that's what I do best. But, blues is too limited and I don't want to limit my career. I think I'm a versatile singer and I proved it with "Who's Making Love", the biggest record I ever had. I got a gold record for that and now I'm going to work on another one. I'm investing my money in real estate but that's secondary to music. □ johnny & jim

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TRACY NELSON

Head Of Mother Earth

When I left my home in Madison, Wisconsin, I came out to San Francisco about a year ago to make it as a singer. I had been singing for quite a while before I moved there, but I didn't know if I could handle the business and the hassling. It was tough right away, because nobody wanted a chick in their band.

I decided right then that if I wanted to do something I'd have to put a band together myself. So I went to see Steve Miller, who I knew from school in Madison. He suggested I get together with an organist named Ira who was working with Powell, our other singer. Then we met Travis Rivers, now our manager, who got us a drummer, a bass player and a guitarist from the Sir Douglas Quintet. All those guys are from Texas and they're beautiful, especially Wayne Talbert the guitarist. Then we got a piano player and we worked some gigs and the group broke up. About a week later we got a contract with Mercury Records.

Real quick, we had to get a group together to record. We got a drummer, Mark Naftalin on piano who had been on the road for two years with Paul Butterfield, a bass player and guitarist from Texas, a bunch of horn players and some other guys. Since we did the album those guys left and we've had a lot of different guys coming and going. It's a real hassle trying to keep it all together.

I've always sung folk songs and blues and now we're getting into country western. I play some guitar and I recently got a three neck Fender steel guitar and we're working out some country tunes. Powell does a lot of country stuff because he grew up with it in Texas. I love it myself, but everybody was reluctant to admit that they liked it.

All the guys in the band get along fine now. We all like the same music and we should have an easy time when we go on our first tour. The old band

had personality conflicts, emotional disorders, physical disorders and they were impossible. It got pretty hairy doing gigs out of town and trying to find members of the band so they'd be on time. The guys I have now are very steady cats and some of them have had experience on the road. So far the new band is getting along fine.

I had a normal childhood back in Madison. My father is a jeweler and my mother runs a book store. I went to a normal high school with proms and all that. My whole family is musical. My father has a great bass voice, my brother is a tenor and my mother is a fine soprano. I was doing two part harmony with my mother by the time I was six. We all sang a lot for fun. I learned to play guitar and piano and when I was in high school, I put a folk group together. When I was in college, I did an album for Prestige Records and worked as a single, sometimes with a band. Then I went out to San Francisco and started my own band in August of 1967.

I've always had a pretty husky voice in the tenor range. I've had bronchitis since I was three and that's where the huskiness comes from. It has a lot to do with my style.

Of course, other singers have a lot to do with my style too. I didn't listen to much rock and roll when I was younger, but I remember digging certain things like the Coasters and the Platters. At the time I was into a lot of folk music. I liked the Kingston Trio but I also liked country folk music. My guitar teacher introduced me to blues people like Bessie Smith, Sleepy John Estes, Lightnin' Hopkins and eventually country blues became my favorite. I got all the records I could on Henry Thomas, Skip James, Charlie Patton, a whole bunch of them. It was all male singers except for Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. Those pure, lovely voices and music just wiped me out.

Then I got into rhythm and blues.

Next to Aretha Franklin, Irma Thomas is my favorite singer. I also dig Ernie K-Doe, Jesse Hill, Junior Parker and some Texas singers that the guys in the band turned me on to. I dig to listen to Otis Redding and the Temptations, but I'm not into soul music. I don't want to sing that stuff. My main thing is old southern blues, the music that is closely related to gospel in the changes, the voicing, the instrumentation. On some songs I like to have a bunch of voices instead of a super horn section. That's where my own music is going.

There will probably be critical comparisons between Janis Joplin and myself. The only thing you can say is we're both chick singers. I'd consider it a compliment if that happened though, because people would be taking me seriously and putting me up against an established singer. But that's just idle speculation because Janis and myself couldn't be more opposite. Our approaches to music are totally different. Also we chose different material. Janis and I are not at all intellectual about our music and it's impossible to criticize what we do. Our music is extremely emotional. Janis is really into Negro music, very free, emotional and simplistic. Now, Grace Slick is restrained and refined and intellectual, so an intellectual analysis of her music would be appropriate. I really hope that people keep Janis and myself separate because comparisons wouldn't be valid. Janis is close to Etta James, I think, and I'm into gospel music but not from the religious end. It's the pure emotional thing.

I'm not a Negro so I do it my own way. I try to find songs that are basically gospel sounding. I've even taken actual gospel songs and changed the words to fit me. If you listen to "Down So Low" on our Mother Earth album, you'll see what I mean. That's the first song I ever wrote and it came out just the way I wanted it. I played piano

on it and one of the girl harmony voices in the background is me too. On stage, the guys in the band do those harmony parts.

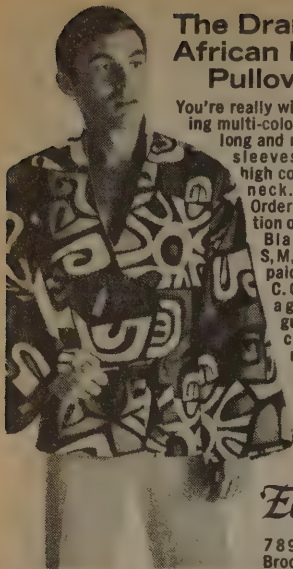
Sometimes it's very different for me to talk to an all male band. We argue once in a while, like now a couple of guys are trying to push me into a soul thing and I have to fight that. The old band was just impossible. Any suggestion that I made was rejected immediately because they were all good musicians and they weren't about to take anything from a chick. I couldn't do anything the way I wanted it. In this new band, we all have similar tastes. The guys are pretty free of masculine ego hang ups and they understand my side.

Besides this, I have a daughter to take care of and a home to keep clean. They've been very good. Actually the problem now is in communication and that's my fault. I know how I want a song to come out. I can hear all the parts in my head, but it's hard to put into words; to explain it to the band. They try the best they can to figure out what I'm saying and work it out. I really love these guys. There's bound to be hassles though. I'm going to want something that they don't like and I'll insist if it's important to me. They'll resent it but they'll understand. It's mainly because I'm a chick. Somebody has to make the final decision, and up to now it's been me because I put the band together. But I try as little as possible to assert my will on them. It's pretty much a community thing as far as the music goes. I sign the contracts and Travis and I take care of all the business, but hassles over the music are quite rare.

All these guys are very nice but all musicians are a little crazy. Some are very eccentric but they're strong enough to keep their personal hang ups out of the music. I can't say that they're normal, level headed, perfect, every day American boys, but they're excellent musicians and they're stable. I'm probably worse than they are. I get very emotional sometimes.

I've never even thought about my personal safety on the road. It doesn't scare me at all being a chick, but I'd say I'm safer than a chick who works as a single, playing little dives and bars. At one time I wanted to hire another girl singer but I decided against it because it would detract from my thing. I want to be up there in front with people listening to me and I want to be considered a musician. I play piano, fiddle and steel guitar as well as sing and I want to be a part of the band. It's really beautiful because I'm doing just what I want and everything is working out fine. □tracy and jim.





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Paul McCartney has been talking about "The Beatles" new double-album and he is understandably and humanly chuffed at the cover versions of his songs. He appreciates that "Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da" is currently the fave rave, but I've a feeling he has reservations about the number of versions and whether this could affect the hit chances of one or the other. (And why shouldn't he worry about things like that; is there shame in success?)

There is now no secrecy over the real composing credits for various Lennon-McCartney numbers. Paul is obviously "Ob-la-di", and he also admits to

tracks like "Martha My Dear."

"It's definitely about my dog Martha," he says, "but that's only because the thought happened to come into my head when I was writing the song."

"You see, I never usually write a song and think. 'Right, now this is going to be about something specific.' It's just that the words happen. I never try to make any serious social point. Just words to go with the music — and you can read anything you like into it."

Both he and John began work on the

PAUL MC CARTNEY On The Beatles

songs on the new album in India. "Rocky Raccoon," for instance, was composed on a roof at the Maharishi's place.

Says Paul: "I was with John on the roof, and we were just sitting around playing guitar and we were with Donovan and just enjoying ourselves.

"I started playing the chords and originally the title was 'Rocky Sassoon.' And then the three of us started making up the words and they came very quickly, and eventually it became 'Raccoon' because that was more like a 'cow-ie.'"

"The way the words just come into your head is like John writing his books....I don't know how he does it, and he doesn't know how he does it. But he just writes, and people who do create and write do it like that. It just flows into their heads and then into their hands."

Of other of his compositions, or part compositions, he said on Radio Luxembourg recently:

Blackbird: This is just one of those pick-and-sing songs. It doesn't need anything else in the backing, because as a song there's nothing to it. We added a blackbird sound at the end, but that's all.

Why Don't We Do It In The Road: We've always been a rock group, the Beatles. It's just that we're not completely rock 'n' roll. That's why we do 'Ob-la-di' one minute and this the next. When we played in Hamburg we didn't just play rock 'n' roll all evening, because we had these fat old businessmen coming in — and thin old businessmen as well — and saying play us a mambo or a rumba. So we had to get into this kind of stuff.

I Will: This is pretty smoochy stuff. We have to do it. That's why there's a great variety on this LP and in everything we do.

"We just haven't got one bag, the Beatles. On one hand you'll get 'I Will' and then you'll get 'Why Don't We Do It In The Road.' It's me feeling both of them, the same feller, and I wrote both of them. I can't explain it but there we are."

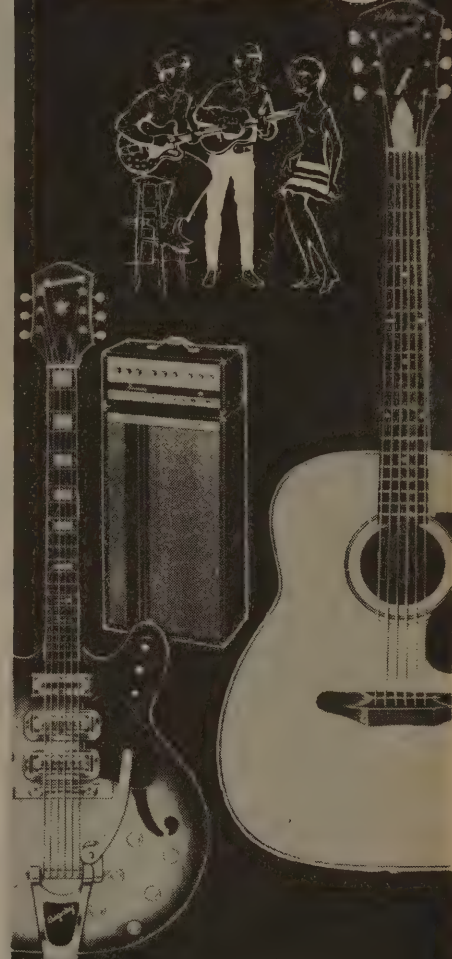
Birthday: 'The Girl Can't Help It' was on television. Fats Domino, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran were in it, and we wanted to see it, so we started recording at 5 o'clock and just did a backing track, a very simple 12 bar blues thing with a few bits here and there. We had no idea what it was going to be. We'd just say 12 bars in A then we'll change to D then we'll do a few beats in C. Just like that.

We went back to my house and watched the film, and then back to the studio and made up the words. It's one of my favorites because it was instantaneous. It's a good one to dance to.

Helter Skelter: I read a review of a record which said that the group really goes wild with echo and screaming and everything, and I thought 'That's a pity, I would have liked to do something like that.' Then I heard it and it was nothing like, it was straight and sophisticated. So we did this. I like noise.

Honey Pie: My dad's always played fruity old songs like this, and I like them. I would have liked to have been a 1920's writer because I like that top-hat-and-tails thing. □alan smith

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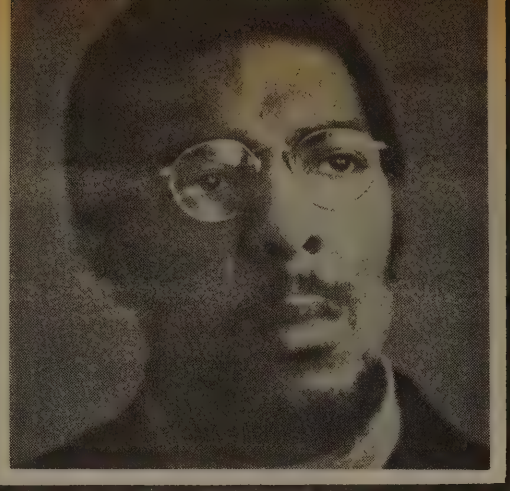
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Happy Thanksgiving From **RICHIE HAVENS**



"I am was quiet then in the amalgamations of all racial variations on the theme 'only God is Love'...That's from the liner of *Richard P. Havens*, 1983, the new double album. A look at the front cover of the album says it again. What color man do you see? Look again. The cover is shot with infra-red film, a type of film which responds to heat, not light. In other words, if you took a yellow jonquil and placed it next to a plastic replica and shot them with infra-red film, they'd appear to be different colors in the developed photograph. If you shot five people, each a different color, depending on their body temperatures, they'd all photograph pretty much the same color. "I am was quiet then in the amalgamations of all racial variations on the theme 'only God is love'..."

It was Thanksgiving night at the Cafe Au Go Go's Annual Bluesbag. Richie Havens, by now a fixture of the festivities has seated himself on the platform. "Happy Thanksgiving," he grinned. "Thanksgiving is the day when you thank yourself for doing well, right? You say 'Thank God.'"

"Yeah. Dig yourself. That's what 'Do unto others' means, you know: Dig yourself then go do what you have to do."

Think about that for a while.

Richie Havens is thrashing at the guitar, barring an open E tuning, sliding up and down the neck. The traces of a song are beginning to form. His massive head is down, eyes closed.

The sweat trickles across his face and it catches the colored stagelights which makes them glimmer like tiny neon veins. He is sitting on a stool stomping his foot. The entire stage seems to be shaking. Each time he moves, the stool moves a bit. I once saw him so wrapped up in that writhe that he started a set on one side of the stage and ended it on the other—almost falling off the front in the process. He is singing, thanking, wisecracking, scatting around. Here a song, there a little one liner about a broken string, now a bit of philosophy, then a big grin, a satisfied "Yeah!"—and some jive. If you've never seen Richie Havens, you've missed a most peculiar experience.

Somewhere in the midst of a set you lose contact. That thrashing guitar and gravely voice form sort of a drone and through some kind of involving tonal hypnosis it escorts you gently to another place. It's a moment of purity, a flash of ecstatic grace broken by the sound and movement of your own instinctive applause. It's one of life's more wonderful unexplainable mysteries. And it gives you something else to think about.

Magical mystery adventures seem to materialize around Richie Havens. It may have something to do with the glow he walks around in or with the almost palpable silence that falls over an audience when Havens sings in concert. Did the applause at the end of "The Parable of Ramon" in the new album surprise you? It surprised me,

and I was there when it was recorded. That audience was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Do you remember when I wrote you from California this Summer? I had written you about an evening I spent in Columbia studios with Gordon Alexander, Laura Nyro, The Electric Flag, etc. Shortly after I mailed that copy in to Hit Parader, Richie Havens and his retinue came to Los Angeles. And one soft evening following the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium concert (at which the live material on the new album was recorded) they cut "Just Above My Hobby Horse's Head" in a Los Angeles studio. I arrived at the studio as they were putting down the vocals and special effects, the final tracks. Producer Mark Roth was hunched over the console, the lights were dim on the recording floor. Richie was singing over the instrumental tracks and Dino (Paul Williams) was standing in front of him, waving his hands in time, conducting. Three tries and it was down. Some more rhythm instruments were added in each break—clapping, a hammer, a striker and the sound of a camera shutter (Mark Roth on camera)—part of the magical mystery mischief. And when the take was complete suddenly everyone was dancing. People seemed to appear out of nowhere and the room itself—being piped full of "Just Above My Hobby Horse's Head" at an impossible volume—seemed about to blow. It was a pretty special session.

It's hard to pin down what it is about Richie Havens that is so irresistible to a growing number of violently devoted fans. His appeal, while intense, is certainly something less than universal. "He's a slouch," said a young musician recently. "He picks the worst chords to accompany the songs and you can hardly understand the lyrics because he doesn't take the trouble to enunciate. (Richie has very few teeth) The only thing he has is a good rhythm hand."

All those points are well taken. Havens' performances are loose and easygoing and his accompaniments are banal. The only thing that keeps them from becoming boring is Dino on second guitar livening things up with a peppery counter melody or harmonising chords. (And when Dino sings, he's got no mean chops, either) And it's true, it's hard to follow most of the songs you're not familiar with.

Another valid criticism of Havens might be that he dominates his material, forcing Dylan, Lennon-McCartney, Leonard Cohen and his own songs through the same type of interpretation, losing certain inherent subtleties in his kindly growl. But then

again, who else could make a spiritual out of "Lady Madonna?" Though the surfaces of the songs are worked excitingly, generally the lyric potential remains untouched.

For what Havens does have is magic. A certain charisma, a mystical effervescence that captures your imagination and permeates your mental state, floating you along until you are the song he's singing. If you go with it, it's a beautiful trip; if it leaves you behind you just stand there watching it go on without you.

Much of the best and the rest of Havens is on the new album, Richard P. Havens, 1983. Side one, with the exception of a total of a few minutes from each cut, leaves me almost totally cold. Side Two is more successful. It moves from "I Pity the Poor Immigrant," to "Lady Madonna" to "Priests" to "Indian Rope Man." From Everyman's poor struggle to philosophical and religious ruins and an inspired amalgam of musical mixing. It's a brilliant build, all but dissipated by "Cautiously," a blend composition that can't seem to make up its mind where it comes from or where it's going. "Immigrant" is soulful and estranged, "Madonna," absolutely joyful, albeit paradoxically so. "Priests" is starving and hollow, positively haunting. "Rope Man" is some of that magic.

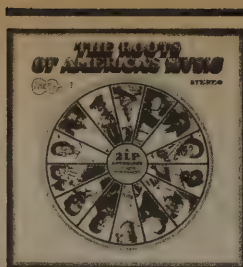
The album was recorded on both coasts and in concert. The production and arrangements are particularly fine. You may recognize some of the studio musicians: Skip Prokop from the Paupers; Steve Stills from the Buffalo Springfield, Bruce Langhorn who's played on hundreds of your favorite records, genius flautist Jeremy Steig, Carter C. C. Collins on leave from Tim Buckley and an outstanding lady bassist, Carol Hunter, best known for playing on Janis Ian's albums.

Though the tapes were carted from sea to shining sea, the recording environments were inconsistent and the tapes were mixed in different studios from where they were recorded, the album has a genuine unity, a consistent warmth and an easy, professional polish—full of tricks but not overdone. Mark Roth, Havens' road manager and co-writer of several songs also co-produced this album. And that's Roth's photographs and design on the cover. And Richard P. Havens, 1983 is Mark Roth's and Richie Havens first professional joint attempt at co-production.

"I am knows that all Ghettoes are colored. Colored faces, mind, abilities, capacities, colorful eyes—I am will be a Ghetto all by himself if there ever was one."

Richie Havens.

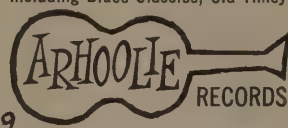
1983 is the year before 1984. Think about that for a while. Ellen sander



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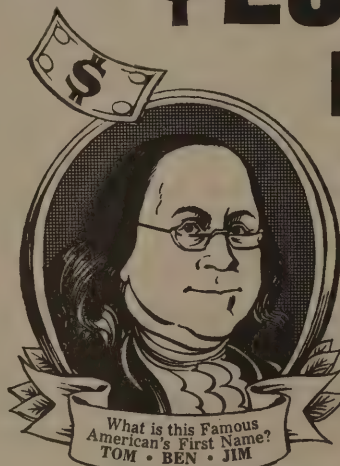
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my favorite records

by Mike Pinder of Moody Blues

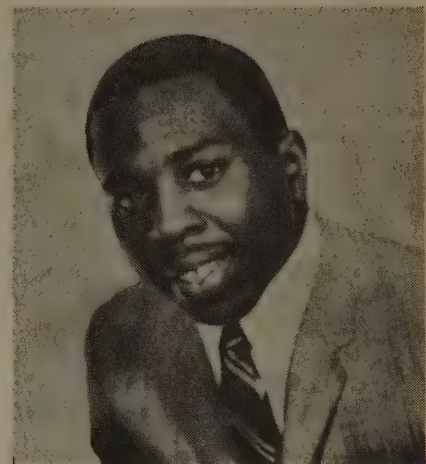
My first album is "Sgt. Pepper" by the Beatles. That album is too much. That's the first album to have real continuity. There's always something new to hear in it.

The Byrds album "Younger Than Yesterday" knocks me out. I wish they'd get themselves together. Jefferson Airplane is beautiful on "After Bathing At Baxter's." Simon and Garfunkel's "Bookends" is a masterpiece. I'm looking forward to the Beatles' double record set. That will be the next big turn on.



by Justin Hayward of Moody Blues

The "Buffalo Springfield Again" is the best American album of last year. It had a lot of depth. "Bookends" by Simon and Garfunkel is absolutely beautiful. Laura Nyro's "Eli's Confession," is also incredible. It's a shame more people haven't gotten on to it. She's a very talented chick. She does everything herself—writes, sings, plays piano and guitar and does vocal backgrounds. She's got a ton of soul and she's just beginning. An album that's influenced us quite a bit is "Cosmic Sounds" on Elektra. There's a very interesting connection between each of the songs on that album that rubbed off on us.



by Curtis Mayfield of the Impressions

I love the 5th Dimensions' second album, "The Magic Garden." Wes Montgomery knocks me out too on "A Day In The Life." I'm glad they caught Jose Feliciano in time. He's very talented.

Then there's the music from "2001, A Space Odyssey." It's beautiful. It fit so well with the movie. Those orchestrated voices with electric sounds are amazing.

I enjoy Sammy Davis, Frank Sinatra and Harry Belafonte a lot.

My favorite classical piece is "The Nutcracker Suite."

In blues, my favorites are James Brown, Ray Charles and Jimmy Reed.





SLIM HARPO TALKS TO JIM DELEHANT

I was born in Lobbell, Louisiana. I had to quit school to go to work and help support the family. When I was 18, I took a job as a long shoraman on the river front in New Orleans and after I worked there for a while I came back and took a job as a contractor. During that time I was still playing music. In fact, I started playing music when I was very young at picnics and house parties.

I ran across a guitar player called Lightnin' Slim and we worked all those parties together. He was on my first records too. "I'm A King Bee" and "Raining In My Heart." The Rolling Stones cut "King Bee" and another one of mine called "Got Love If You Want It." Those songs helped me out and inspired me to do something a little different called "Scratch My Back." That was an attempt at rock and roll for me, but I'd much rather do the blues. That's my favorite because I can get more feeling out of it.

I had a pretty rough childhood and no contact at all with music outside my area. The music I knew was blues and I got it from the people I lived and worked with. I started to hear other kinds of music when I traveled. I worked with Ray Charles, James Brown, Wilson Pickett and a whole bunch of other guys.

My first listening experience was on the radio. All I heard was blues. The only live contact was at house supper. Friday and Saturday night we'd have off from work and every weekend we'd have a big supper at somebody's house. There'd be a couple of guys there with guitars and drums. That was a lot of fun. We played music for dancing called the slow drag. It was for holding each other real close. It's just a one step or two step when you dance to slow blues. Now it's different. Most of these people

moved out to Baton Rouge and New Orleans and they listen to jazz or rock and roll. But the blues artists are still real big there. B. B. King or Howling Wolf draw big crowds.

When I sing the blues, I can tell about the hard times I've had and the places I've been living, the things I'll never forget. My favorites are B. B. King, Howling Wolf, Muddy Waters and most of all the old blues singer blind Lemon Jefferson. I never saw Lemon but I heard his records. When I first heard him, he sounded better than anybody else I heard.

I always did like music and I wanted to play an instrument. Back then nobody had any money, but a harmonica only cost ten cents. I couldn't play anything else. I guess I was about twelve years old when I got a harp.

In the country, when you get to be twelve, you're like a full grown man and you have to go to work. Either you get a shovel or a cane knife and you go out in the fields. I worked in the fields for a long time. I'd go right from school out to the field every day until I went on my own.

Music was the only thing I had. When I got my harp I'd listen to songs real close on the radio and learn them, then I'd play it on the harp. Living in the country, the people made maybe fifteen dollars a week and nobody could afford a big instrument. Besides it was a long way to the city where they sold instruments. I remember we'd walk seven or eight miles to Baton Rouge on Saturday night but mostly we'd just stay around home on the weekends and have a little jam session.

I'm just a country boy, but I like to see the rest of the world. New York City was fantastic. When we played a club there called the Scene, I was surprised how the people took to my country blues. There I was in that big city playing my old music and it was accepted so well. It made me feel so good. I was scared to death to go up there but they were so nice. I even got to feel at home and I let myself go. I found out that the type of blues I've been singing is really getting around. I came up with Lightnin' Slim on guitar and Jeffry Tyson on drums. We were just a trio. Those down home boys are the best for me.

On my records I use four or five pieces and I now record in Nashville. I used to record in Louisiana but another company bought Excello and we'll be working in Nashville.

I love Louisiana. I make my home now in Baton Rouge. I like to get back there as often as I can. I own a tractor and a truck and I still like to get out in the field and help with the cane. But I love traveling around and playing the blues best of all. □

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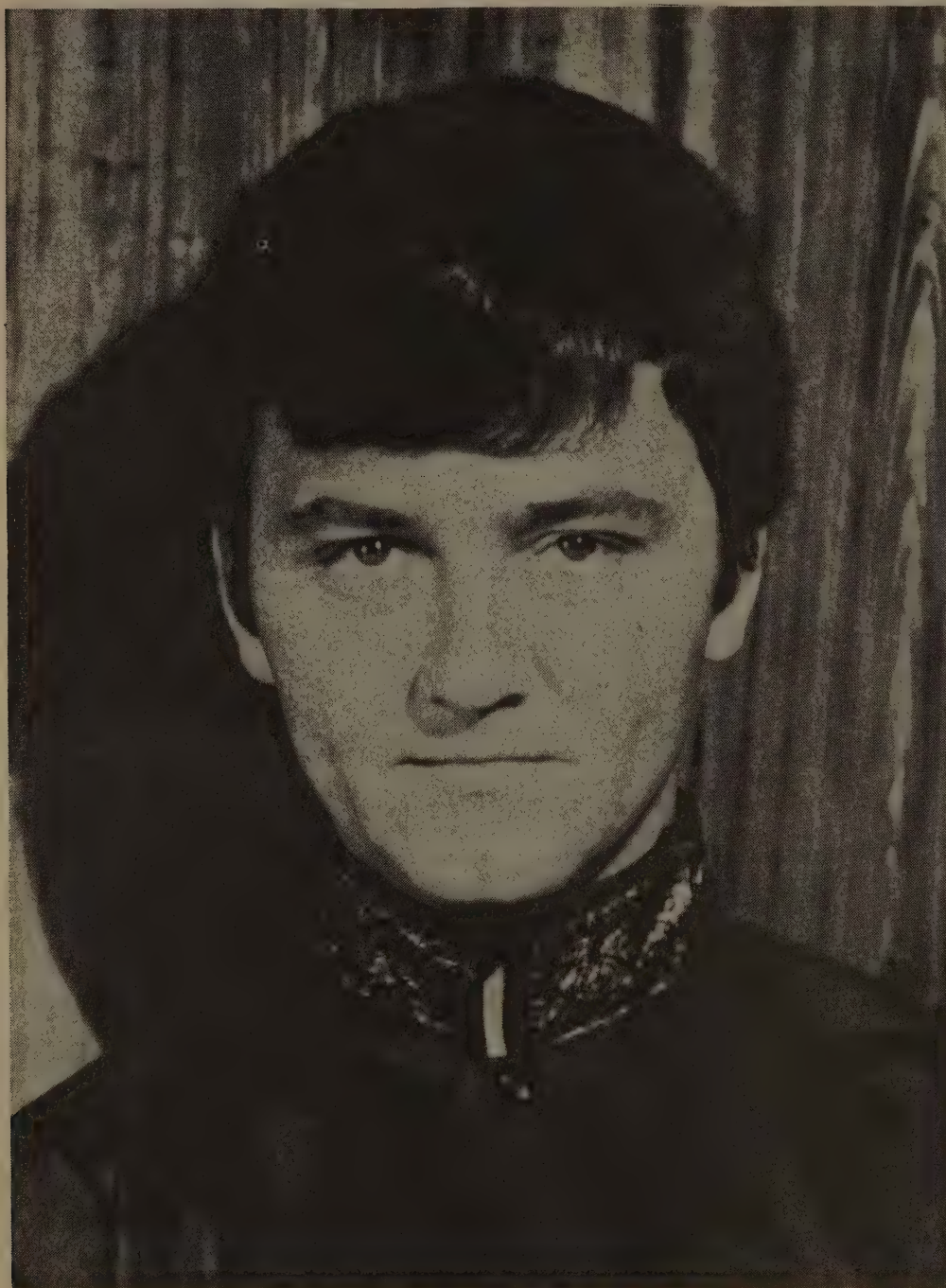
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new stars on the horizon



MICKEY NEWBURY

Mickey Newbury has been com-

municating through his songs. They've been recorded by pop and country stars like Eddy Arnold, Andy

Williams, the First Edition, Don Gibson, Tom Jones and Bob Luman. Having already established himself

as one of the new breed of contemporary composers, Mickey is now communicating with his voice — as an exclusive new RCA recording artist.

One of Newbury's Nashville friends, RCA A&R Producer Felton Jarvis who helmed Mickey's initial Victor sessions, brought the talented young singer/composer to the attention of Chet Atkins and to a contract through an unusual, impromptu audition. During one of Newbury's visits to Felton's office, the late Steve Sholes who, during his long career at RCA, discovered and helped develop many talented performers, happened in on his way to a meeting. Following the round of introductions, Felton suggested that Mickey sing one of his songs — but just one. After the first half dozen Newbury numbers, Steve postponed his meeting and stayed on to listen for the next hour and a half.

Mickey Newbury was born and brought up in Houston, Texas. He lived a fairly normal boyhood. He sang in the church choir, took violin lessons (which he hated), attended Roosevelt Elementary and Sam Houston High Schools.

Underlying all, though, was Mickey's interest in music, particularly country, in his earlier days, and later, pop, rock and soul. He was "captured" by talents like Hank Williams, Ray Charles, Jimmy Sacca, Bob Dylan and Don Gibson — and, using these performers as inspirations, he began writing songs.

After a hitch in the United States Air Force, Mickey went to Nashville where in his opinion today's and tomorrow's music is at. He soon found himself working for the music publishing firm of Acuff-Rose, writing such hit songs like "Funny Familiar Forgotten Feelings," "Here Comes The Rain," "Five Miles From Home," "Just Dropped In," "Good Morning, Dear" and his latest, "Sweet Memories," which is Andy Williams' newest single.

Mickey who now lives in both Houston and Nashville, writes both country and blues songs — but always with the feel of today. He differentiates the two this way: "Country roots lie in the fields; blues is Negro farm music." He is also working on a major classical work with Tupper Saussy, conductor of the Nashville Symphony, who backed him on his debut RCA Single "Are My Thoughts With You," b/w "Weeping Annaleah" and his initial Victor album.

THE MAGIC LANTERNS

Riding on the crest of a wave with their first U. S. single "Shame, Shame," on Atlantic, The Magic Lanterns illustrate yet another facet of British music, a gentler, less aggressive form of rock with a strong emphasis on voice and less leaning towards feedback and guitar gymnastics.

The five piece group was formed in May, 1966, hand selected from the best talent in Lancashire, England, the same county which produced the Beatles some six years back and which is now going through a regeneration period, slowly but surely putting itself back on the musical map. The Magic Lanterns are part of that building process.

To say they're strong vocally, is not to undermine their instrumental ability. Their line up of drums (Al Wilson), bass guitar (Mike 'Ozzy' Osborne), lead guitar (Peter 'Slowhand' Shoesmith), and rhythm guitar (Alastair 'Bev' Beveridge), provides a solid commercial beat to the voice of lead singer, and sometime organist Jimmy Bilsbury.

The Magic Lanterns came to Atlantic through a process of acqui-

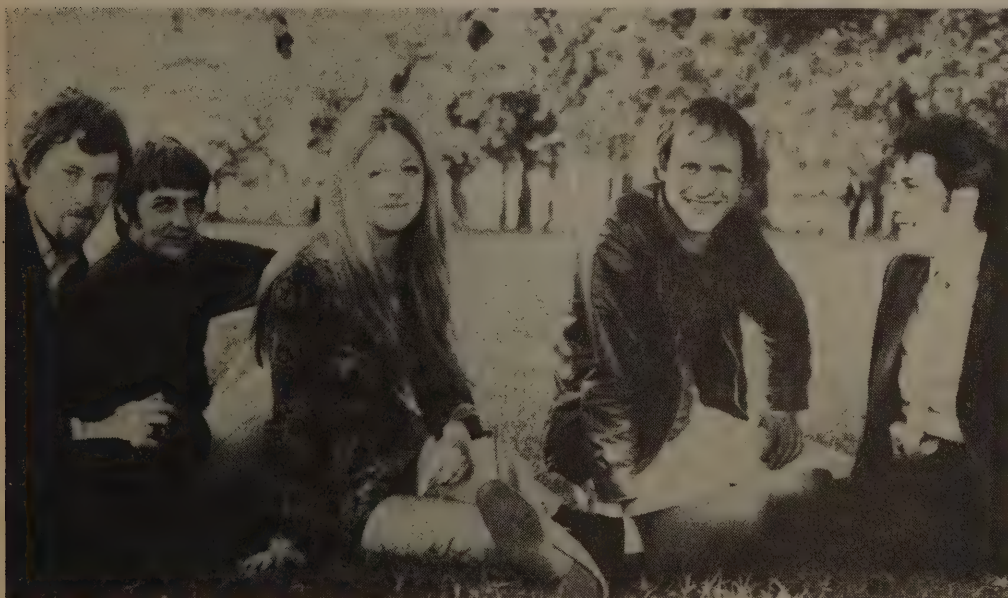


sitions which started in late 1967 when the English company Double R Productions bought Camp Records for whom they were recording. Ronnie Oppenheimer and Steve Rowland, directors of Double R, immediately saw the incredible potential in the group, and once hav-

ing taken them under their wing, wasted no time in building up their management relationship, taking note of their capabilities and grooming them for the future. While Ronnie and Steve waited for the opportune moment—the one which produced "Shame, Shame" the Lan-

terns worked hard on developing their stage act which, today, is reported to be one of the best in Britain.

It was a long, hard grind, but as the record climbs the charts, the Magic Lanterns know that all the work is well worth it.



THE PENTANGLE

The word unique is one that is often used out of context; however, as far as the Pentangle are concerned it is a word that can honestly be applied. No other group

has so successfully knocked down musical barriers and incorporated the various types...folk, classical, blues, jazz...into their musical whole.

The two guitarists, Bert Jansch and John Renbourn, are already well

established names in the folk world where their guitar styles have been particularly influential. They bring into the group elements of folk, blues and classical music and contribute much towards the Pentangle's original repertoire.

Danny Thompson, a brilliant bass player, and Terry Cox, an intelligent, understanding drummer, underpin everything expertly. These two musicians, who have names as first class session and jazz men, provide as strong a rhythm section as can be found in any group but both can take constructive solo roles in the general Pentangle pattern.

Jacqui McShee does much of the singing within the group, either working solo or dueting with Bert or John. Her clear voice can handle anything from an unaccompanied folk song to a modern blues. Jacqui is an excellent foil for the group's musicians and an integral part of the Pentangle's sound.

These five individuals, with five individual talents, have developed into a flexible musical unit and yet are still able to permute into segments giving each member a chance to expand beyond being a group entity.

Trying to describe the Pentangle's music is like trying to describe a sunset. You can talk of the colors, but the overall effect has to be seen to be appreciated. To appreciate the Pentangle, you have to listen. Don't miss their first album on the Reprise label. □

Communication

by Dom Petro

Last month we dealt with what goes into communication. It consists of you—namely all of you. If you are not getting across, then it could be seriously working against you.

There is no one way to communicate unless you can say what you mean "clearly." But that is a general description and you'll find you can be clear and also nasty or impersonal, thus making your message as welcome as the pox.

Did you ever really look at people communicating with each other? Yes, you did. But you probably looked critically. They are clumsy, funny, heavy, uninteresting, etc. Now look again, just look and note the act of communication only—how are they talking with each other?

Two guys on a park bench are really into a political argument as though their lives depended upon it. Some small fry are comparing toys or long distance jumps. A salesman listens to his prospective customer with such polite and full attention. Everybody's around the kitchen table talking over coffee. One of them gets the floor. "That was in '62—when the house was built—remember—now listen—George comes into the kitchen carrying this package—," Interruption, "Nah it wasn't the kitchen—playroom!" "Naw, he left the package in the car—," "It wasn't 62 when the house was built Ralph—" "Yeah—Let me see—could have been Harry—" (Story forgotten). It rambles on and either you make with the story, or accurate statistics about the house. One of them has to become more important.

Note how people give and take. Who gives best? Who takes best? How do you sound? Do you say "—wow"—Jeez, it was sumthin'—cool! —he does his thing—that's her bag—like it is—sock it to me—etc." Just what are you trying to say? Since these things are being said everywhere, can everybody be saying the same thing? There are many words to choose from. Why all the same? Togetherness maybe? "How's things?" Which? it would take too long to list them all. "How's tricks?" I'm a magician? "How's the goin'?" I'm going down Grand Street. These are some of the "social sounds" and they are perfectly all right. But sometimes we say them because we are afraid to plunge into conversation or we're a little afraid of really being clear. But why not turn them into interested and concerned questions or answers? If the guy is worth talking to, he must be doing something that is interesting.

Now where do we get these sounds? Ideas? The above deals with giving out. Let's take a look at what comes in. Many sources. Take TV for example. Whether you watch it or not it gets into you. You ignore it maybe, but it's registering. Everything around you is registering. People you know watch and they somehow give it to you. What? The sales pitch. That's really what most of TV is.

What kind of things come over TV? Is there a TV show you'd stay home or stay up to watch? What are you

seeing? Look it over without prejudice of any kind. What has it got and how does it affect you? I like or don't like is not enough. Start checking out what settles between your ears because it'll become a part of you and I think you'd be careful about that most important part of you—your brain!

If most of the stuff coming over TV is bland—tasteless, colorless, "harmless," nothingness that comes and goes without touching the real world around you, don't blame the sponsors all the way. There are people who sit all day with pen in hand ready to attack that "immoral" show, that awful looking creature, that slur on their anything you want to name. Does anyone complain about blandness? Now, because we tend to use fewer and fewer words to say more and more things, the confusion gets worse. Look up the words, trite, generality, inconsequential, waste, bland, infantile, and you'll find they are not the same and can be applied to different situations.

One way or another, all this boring mush reaches you. Now add noises, yes, just NOISES to the list. Some auto horns that suddenly shatter you, truck noises that drown you, tinny "music" from tiny sets with lousy speakers, people who don't train their voices except to make them shrill or unpleasant, and many other sources of bad or really unwelcome sounds that batter us so that we grow accustomed to them and even think we like them. But people can get used to anything painful or pleasant. Look up some of the clothing worn in the past. Think of the bones stuck into noses, large heavy ear rings, tight shoes. These are voluntary tortures don't forget. Now since we can live with the unpleasant and really unnecessary and actually begin to call them pleasant, where does OUR real taste or common sense come in? We can be *dulled* by these things to the point where SHOCK is the only way we can arouse response in us.

In short, if you don't try to select what you hear, see, feel, taste, and smell as much as you possibly can, then all sounds, sights, textures, tastes, and smells which happen to be around you will affect you. You will only receive and become a passive thing. And since many of these incoming messages can be dulling or shattering, can you see that you are being shaped without doing anything about it? Wake up to the world around you. Don't try to run away because the central problem is you, the shaper of the world. Run away and you remain a passive thing wherever you go.

What kind of TV programs would you like to see? TELL, WRITE them about it. Stink coming from nearby factory? WRITE or call about it. Your hashhouse serves fried bread crumbs with shredded rubber wrapped in flannel under the name of hamburger? Say something. You street looks crummy? Start talking and pointing. In short, the more you try to improve the world around you the better for everybody—mostly you!

The above states that the world around you talks to you and affects you. And if you don't examine it and help to shape it, you become a blob.□

platter chatter

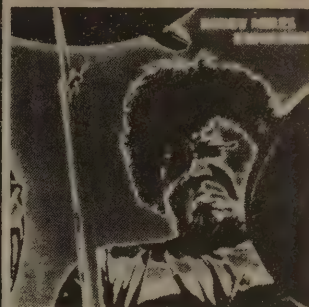
EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL is the long awaited album by the Buddy Miles Express. Listen to "Funky Mule" first. It's like a band exercise in funk dynamics, the Express warm-up, the way to powerful chops. Miles, who is personally a gentlemen, becomes a hungry tiger once he sits behind his drums. He is the powerful pivot in the band and from his firewords display here, he was obviously stubbed when he was with the Electric Flag. He has a very imaginative approach to simple rhythms, playing licks and phrases that you've never heard before in rhythm and blues. Miles and the band have a high regard for the Memphis Stax sound but they have made it considerably harder. Stax drummer Al Jackson keeps his band cooking in a lazy sort of way with his rudimentary style and he'd probably manage to have the same influence on the Express. Buddy Miles is like a 200 watt amplifier with his band, prodding them on till they're at full volume, bass and treble. Just dig their versions of Otis Reddings' "Don't Mess With Cupid" and Sam and Dave's "Wrap It Up." Miles isn't the greatest of singers, but he still gets through like Redding and Pickett can. (Mercury SR 61196)

WHEATSTRAW SUITE by the Dillards is a shot in the arm for country western music. What is it about country western that rubs us the wrong way? Probably the slicked back vocals and the sleezy-cheating-divorce-hangout in bars-words. The music, of course, is great and the Dillards prove that words and vocals can be just as pleasant as the music. They've chosen twelve beautiful songs: among them the Beatles' "I've Just Seen A Face," Tim Hardin's "Reason To Believe" and "She Sang Hymns Out Of Tune." They are gassy string band and when you think about it, rock bands haven't even scratched the surface of bluegrass music. It can be very exciting if handled right, like this album. (Elektra EKS 74035)

MOTHER EARTH is full of some of the most emotional music you've ever heard. Think of your favorite girl singer: Grace Slick, Mama Cass, Janis Joplin. They're good, but Tracy Nelson of Mother Earth is above them all. She's also deeper into the roots than any of them. She's an original, she's always a lady. Her voice is ducky leather, tart strawberries. You'll never forget her performance on "Mother Earth" a Memphis Slim song on the slow, moody "Down So Low," a gospel-like song with Tracy playing piano. The band is beautiful, getting into city Blues, or gospel or country fold. Nobody here is yelling at you through mega-watt amps or noisy electronics. It looks like there is a trend toward good feeling music and "Mother Earth" is the warmest I've heard since Big Pink. Run out and get it now. (Mercury SR 61194)

RARE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL is an excellent collection of Bee Gees songs that were recorded when the band was known only in Australia. The Gibbs were obviously moved by the early Beatles, but the twelve songs here show remarkable maturity in writing and arranging. In fact, many of them are more professional than early Beatle numbers. Since "Mining Disaster", we've only known the Bee Gees surrounded by large, sophisticated arrangements. The production isn't missed at all on this album and the Bee Gees prove to be masters of simplicity. The Bee Gees have a unique feel for country, folk music, twisting it into a haunting pop ballad style. This album is indeed rare precious and beautiful. (Atco SD 32264)

FULL CIRCLE is another Nashville adventure by pop heroes. This time around it's Ian and Sylvia, except that they've been singing country-folk music for a long time and their fusion with the Nashville musicians was surely supervised by Seraphim Angels. Once again, country music shows a pleasant side in choice of superb lyric songs. Consider, for instance, Sylvia's deeply moving and subtle interpretation of "Woman's World." It's a gentle commentary on the private fears of a housewife...."Smaller than truth, but bigger than lies." Everything works on this album, the vocals, the band and the string choir. Well worth listening to over and over. (MGM - SE 4550)



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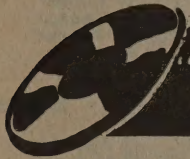
INBORN HEART
DEFECTS



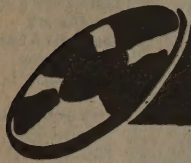
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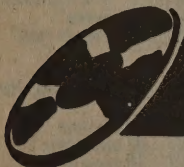
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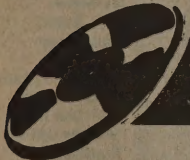
"SOUNDS OF
SILENCE"



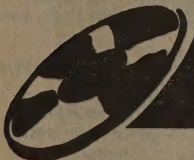
"DAYDREAM"



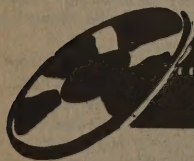
"SUMMER IN
THE CITY"



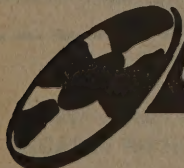
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| 5. Pretty Flamingo | 17. Good Lovin' |
| 6. See You In September | 18. Kicks |
| 7. Paint It, Black | 19. Michelle |
| 8. I Am A Rock | 20. Tell Me Why |
| 9. Red Rubber Ball | 21. Can You Please Crawl
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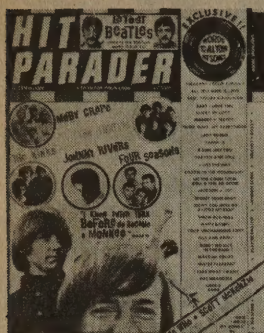
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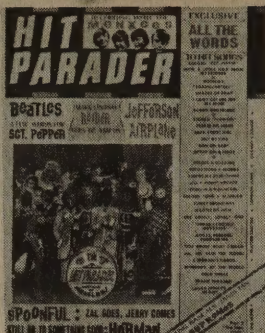
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OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons,
Turtles, Kinks,
Beatle Interview,
Who, Scott McKenzie,
Star Story, Airplane

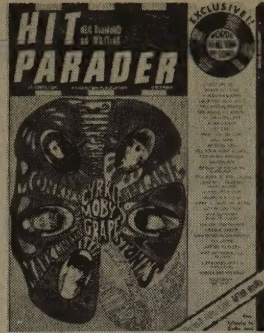
"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees,
Spoonful, Herman,
Rascals, Supremes,
Janis Ian, Booker T.,
Jefferson Airplane

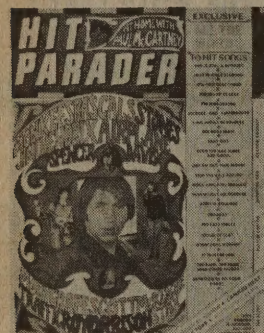
Beatles "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees "Headquarters"
Stones "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches,
Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Ray Orbison's Rock
History, Neil Diamond,
Cyril, Mark Lindsay,
Paul Butterfield, Stones,
Airplane, Bee Gees,
Bobbie Gentry

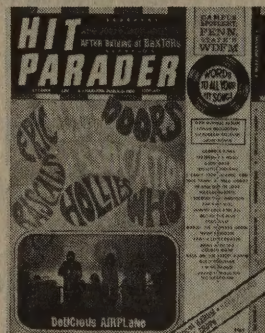
"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney
Rolling Stones
Jimi Hendrix
Spencer Davis
Traffic • Airplane
Moby Grape
Roy Orbison

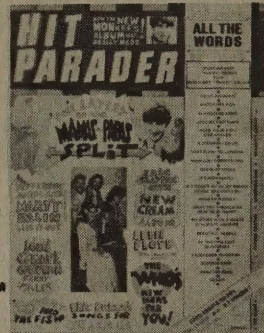
"She Is Still A Mystery"
"Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman"
"The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"
"King Midas In Reverse"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's
Eric Burdon
The Doors • The Who
The Association
Procol Harum
Rascals • Moby Grape
Herb Alpert

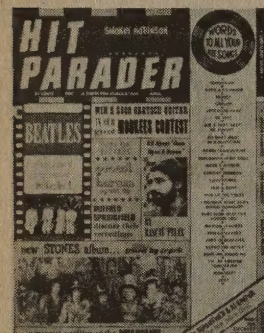
Monkees "Pisces" Album
"I Heard It Through The
Grapevine"
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow"
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's
Eric Clapton
Gladys Knight & Pips
Young Rascals
Country Joe & Fish
Who • Airplane
Monkee Album

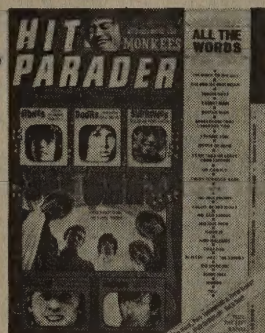
Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs
"Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride"
"Love Me Two Times"
"Wear Your Love Like
Heaven"
"Chain Of Fools"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview
Beatles' Movie
Buffalo Springfield
Bee Gees
Stones' Album
Rascals' Album
Tim Buckley

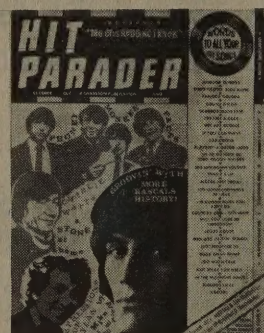
"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

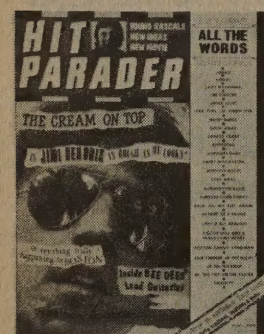
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

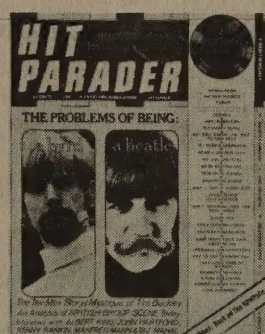
"Valen" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Want"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gee's lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

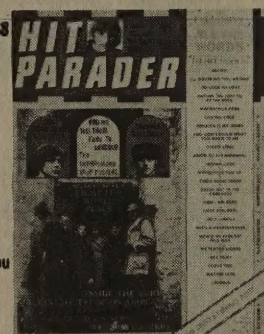
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan • Hollies
Beach Boys • Impressions
Turtles • Laura Nyro

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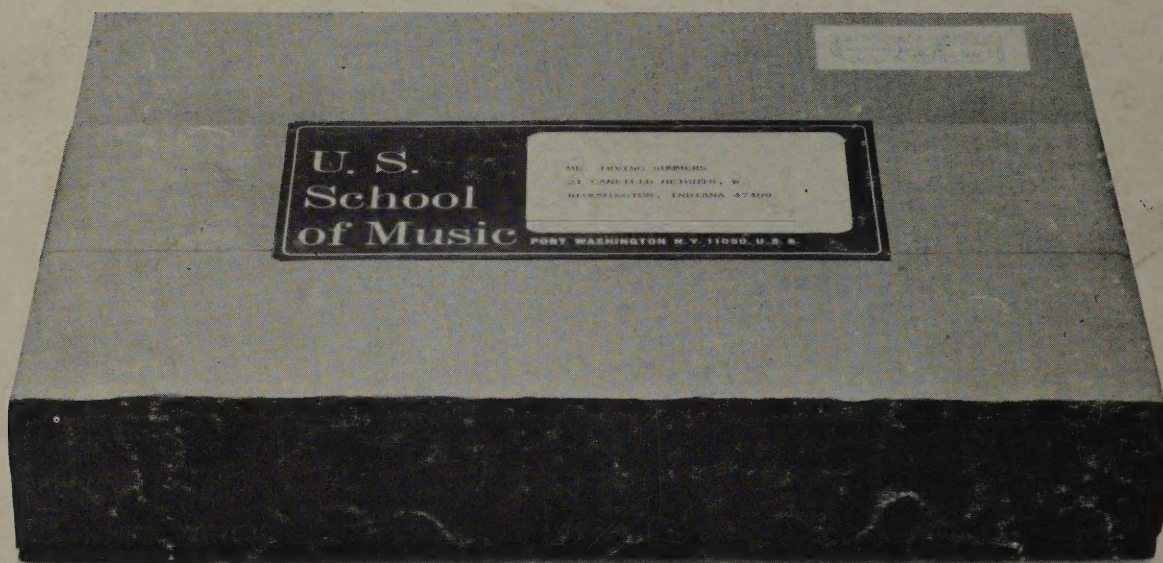
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